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UNCONNECTED SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY.

IN LETTERS TO A LADY.

Lausanne ; Sept. 13, 1816.

My dear Madam,

YOU have been told of the *maladie du pays*, but did you ever hear of the *maladie de voyager*?—such was the disorder that afflicted me when I quitted England. How inveterate this disease was, you may conceive, when you remember that I looked impatiently for the arrival of that hour which should transport me from those enjoyments which had been as dear to me, as necessary to my existence, as the light of heaven to direct my steps, or as its warmth to animate my frame ;—yes, I anxiously desired the arrival of that hour when I should quit, without regret, the society of friends and relations ; that hour which should bear me from the kind pressure of the hand—from the eyes which gave a welcome with the voice—from the smiles of friendship, or of a feeling more interesting still : that I should abandon these, and the hopes and fears which agitate our frail being—that I should fly from those local attachments which make a wood, a dell, or a village, so charming that the agitation of delight can alone indicate the intensity of our feelings—sufficiently proves the malignity of this intellectual disease, which clung around me like the atmosphere

that I respired ; it deprived me of rest, it occupied my dreams.

We crossed the lake at Neufchatel, and disembarked at Port Alban, in the canton of Friburg. To pay for experience is the lot of all, and he who does not pay too dearly may be considered fortunate ; the latter was our case on quitting Port Alban—the people of Friburg would not receive the money of Neufchatel ; it has been put in our *valises*, and there it will remain until our return to England. We shall in future be circumspect, and disperse the local currency of Switzerland with the least possible delay. French money appears to be every-where coveted ; it is to be preferred ; in addition to the intrinsic value of the *demi-franc*, the *franc*, and the *ecu neuf*, the numeral system of the coins of France, which is decimal, is preferable to that of any country of Europe.

We soon entered the Pays de Vaud, and, after passing Payerne and Moudon, arrived at Chalet. The country lying between the lake of Neufchatel and Chalet is for the most part level and uninteresting. We had not long quitted the latter place, on our approach to Lausanne, when such a view of Alpine magnificence burst upon our sight, as even the wonders of the valley of Travers had not prepared us for. Having no defi-

nite conception of what we were to behold, we gazed on the objects around us with doubt, and a disbelief of our senses. I have fancied that the unsubstantial visions of sleep were real, here I imagined that the substantial forms of things were visionary. For the first time in my life I beheld the clouds floating beneath the summits of the Alps. It was noon—the heat was oppressive, yet we beheld these mountains covered with snow; and that sun, whose intensity enfeebled, and almost drove us to the first shelter that might present itself, was resting on these beds of eternal ice,—his rays apparently as powerless as those of the moon. When I gazed upon the wild and craggy summits of these mountains, towering above those clouds which are supposed, by the majority of our species, to be the limits of all that is earthly,—when I looked from their summits to their base, and contemplated their stupendous and oppressive magnitude, I shrunk from the daring speculations of imagination, which would picture that period of mundane convulsion when these mountains were heaved into their imperishable forms. I have always been a lover of Nature; I have made myself familiar with her various charms; I have struggled thro' her closely embowered recesses, which coyly resisted my intrusion; I have reposed on her verdant uplands; I have bathed in her delicious streams—she has been my mistress, and I have loved her with inconceivable affection; but here she was no longer the same being—I beheld her, but I could not approach her; a new feeling took entire possession of my heart; I had been before her lover—I now became her worshipper.

What delightful emotions of contemplative abstraction are engendered by these sublime objects; they are not always in connexion with the scenery, but they resemble it in their exalted and impressive character. The scenes of Switzerland make us feel our superior rank, our undivided empire over the animal creation—our intellectual alliance, although it may be remote, with the Great and Good of beings framed like ourselves. If I have not deceived myself, if such are the natural effects of

Swiss scenery on the heart and understanding, is it not devoutly to be wished that principles of virtue and wisdom could be propounded to the youth of all nations amid scenes like these? Could this be realized, the period which precedes intellectual maturity would be a long bright morning of unbroken happiness. How much is it to be deplored that the buoyant expectations of ingenuous youth, the delightful visions of boyhood, the days sacred to truth and virtue, should be embittered by the cold, the cautious, the calculating apothegms of the wise and experienced—of those who, although they have not been contaminated by, are yet skilled in, the practical knowledge of human vices. Such men generate suspicion when they should inspire confidence; and, instead of cherishing the vigorous and aspiring efforts of intellect, which would make the sapling the monarch of the forest, they cut down its hopes and expectations, and leave it, like the pollard, to yield only that which is convertible to vile uses.

Does this speculative train of thought amuse you? Perhaps not: I have lately conducted you above the clouds: you will not, therefore, feel surprised that I have taken you yet higher, and placed you in “a castle in the air.”

I will now attempt to describe the transporting scenery which lay around us as we proceeded, and particularly as we descended the heights above Lausanne: and I consider myself truly fortunate in addressing one whose vivid imagination will fly to my aid when I need its friendly assistance.

Before us lay the lake of Lausanne, perhaps eight or nine hundred feet below the ground on which we stood, and beyond it rose the line of Alps which separates Switzerland from Savoy: to the left we beheld the termination of the lake, and the vineyards and villages which lie on its north side; to the right the forest of Sauvebelin, and beyond it the Jura chain of mountains bounding the western horizon. Such, too, is the situation of Lausanne, which is built mid-way on the mountain side, and perhaps four hundred feet above the level of the lake. You may form some idea of the picturesque appearance of a

large town erected on such a spot, but what heightens this effect is, that the ground on which it stands is extremely irregular and hilly. The house at which Gibbon formerly lived is now the residence of M. Delarue, a banker. I was informed that the pavilion, at the extremity of the terrace, to which Gibbon was so attached, has been taken down: you have probably seen a drawing of it in the octavo edition of his *Memoirs of Himself*. We passed this house on our way to Ouchi, which is below Lausanne, and on the borders of the lake. It is a delightful village; we walked to the extremity of its almost miniature pier. Here we had a nearer view of what we beheld from the heights above Lausanne; the irregular outline of the borders of the lake, with its numerous bays and promontories, enchanted us; it lay all around us; its bosom was almost still; it presented only that regular and gentle undulation which distinguishes sleep from death. The evening was most beautiful. From Ouchi we rambled in the direction of Monges, through lanes delightfully shaded. It was dusk when we began to retrace our steps, and dark before we entered our hotel.

With the delightful scenery of the Lemane lake, it is impossible not to associate the remembrance of the distinguished literary persons who have resided on its borders, and perhaps it is this association of splendid talents with the loveliest scene of Nature, which has rendered it peculiarly attractive to the polite and accomplished of every nation of Europe; as we ramble among these scenes, we feel that Lausanne and Gibbon, Coppet and De Staël, Ferney and Voltaire, Geneva and Rousseau, are inseparable. We expect to meet here with dignity, elegance, and loveliness—with that high cultivation of the arts and accomplishments of life—those *delicia et elegantia vite*, which give an inexpressible charm to polished society. The pages of many esteemed writers of ancient and modern Italy have rendered the Italian lakes exclusively classic; yet the lake of Lausanne is, beyond dispute, more magnificent, and perhaps as beautiful as any of them: and, if the residence of great men on its

borders, and there unwearied eulogium of its unequalled charms, can render it classic, it must henceforward be ranked with those that are trans-alpine. The visions of happiness which floated for ever on the brilliant imagination of Rousseau, were chained to this place; it was on the borders of this lake alone that he could imagine the possibility of their realization; nor were they irrational. "When my imagination is the most inflamed," he says, "it transports me to the delightful scenes of this lake: give me here an orchard, a true friend, an amiable wife, a cow, and a little boat, and my happiness will be perfect!" Yet it was not that Rousseau loved these scenes for themselves alone; it was the love of those who had wandered among them which consummated his rapturous admiration of them; for the *Pays de Vaud* was the birthplace of Madame de Warens, the place of his father's residence, and that of Mademoiselle de Vulson, "*qui y eut les prémices de mon cœur*," as he informs us: it was the many parties of pleasure which he had there enjoyed during his boyhood, "*et ce semble*," he continues, "*de quelque autre chose encore plus secrète et plus forte que tout cela*."

We arrive at the consummation of the purest happiness which our frame is capable of enjoying when tears start into our eyes; but sensations so exquisite cannot long endure: our transport dissolves with our tears. Music sometimes distributes this flood of convulsive pleasure through the frame, and the scenes of Nature have the same magic influence. How exquisitely has Rousseau pictured these feelings in the account of an excursion which he made to Vevai! "*Je m'attendrisais, je soupirais et pleurais comme un enfant. Combien de fois, m'arrêtant pour pleurer plus à mon aise, assis sur une grosse pierre, je me suis amusé à voir tomber mes larmes dans l'eau*."

It is amusing to contrast the opinions of two distinguished writers in relation to the inhabitants of the *Pays de Vaud*. If we are to credit Rousseau, we shall believe that the natives and the scenery are as remote from congeniality as the torrid and frigid zones: "the people

and the country," he says, "are not made for each other." Gibbon, who became a resident of Lausanne at no distant period from that at which Rousseau resided there, after speaking of some distinguished foreigners who had visited it, concludes by saying,—“but, in general, Lausanne has appeared most agreeable in my eyes when we have

been abandoned to our own society." From what I hear, I am disposed to believe that Gibbon's opinion better harmonizes with the present state of society at Lausanne, than that of Rousseau.

Adieu! I shall write to you from Villeneuve, which is the last village on the borders of the lake. T. H.

MADAME DE GENLIS' NEW NOVEL.

From the Literary Gazette.

LES BATTUECAS.

WHAT is a dithyrambic? said a lady to a poet who presented her a work under that name:—what is the meaning of *Les Battuecas*? was the exclamation of all the ladies of Paris, when they first heard of this new production of a celebrated and fertile pen. This singular and whimsical name, which neither gives pleasure to the ear, nor excites recollection, and which indicates no particular subject, would have been fatal to the work of any other writer; and the book of an obscure author with this obscure title, would probably have been allowed to remain undisturbed on the booksellers' shelf. But if the name of the *Battuecas* be little known, all are acquainted with that of *Madame de Genlis*. It always rouses our curiosity; and though the title-page should convey nothing to the mind or the imagination, we are always certain that mind and imagination will be displayed in a work of hers. But before we proceed to notice more particularly this last offspring of her pen, we shall endeavour to throw some light on the title.

Viene de los Battuecas—"He comes from the *Battuecas*," is a Spanish proverb, used to indicate a simpleton, one who knows nothing that is passing around him, and who is slow in comprehending the plainest things. Such is the idea which might naturally be formed of a detached tribe, inhabiting a spot separated from the rest of the world and deprived of all communication with civilized men.

Father Feijoo, in his *Teatro-Critico*, mentions it as a prevalent opinion in

Spain, that the inhabitants of the valley of *Battuecas* (a wild country among the mountains of the Bishoprick of Coria, fourteen leagues from Salamanca, and eight from Ciudad-Rodrigo) lived several ages in that sequestered spot, without having any communication with the rest of Spain to which they were unknown, and of which they themselves knew nothing. The following is the manner in which this mysterious valley is represented to have been discovered. A page and a lady, maid of the family of Alva, wishing to marry without the knowledge of their master, or having already committed a fault, the usual consequences of which they had reason to apprehend, were therefore desirous of withdrawing themselves from the Duke's anger and public censure, directed their course towards the *Battuecas*. After wandering long through difficult and tortuous paths, they at length crossed the summit of the mountain, and were soon astonished at finding in the valley below, a race of men completely savage, speaking an unknown tongue, strangers to all commerce with their neighbours, and actually persuaded that they were the only inhabitants of this earth. The two fugitives soon published the discovery they had made, and the Duke of Alva, on hearing of their adventure, thought only of bestowing the benefits of civilization on this race of a new species, and he was fortunate enough to succeed in this project. The epoch of this discovery is fixed about the middle of the reign of Philip II. who ascended the throne in 1556, and died in 1598.

It is true that Feijoo and other authors state facts which throw discredit

on this account; but with these historical investigations, Madame de Genlis had no concern. She wanted only a foundation, and the popular story served her purpose. Sure of embellishing whatever she touched, she relied on her own strength in sustaining the edifice she had raised on an imaginary basis.

It is not until her work is somewhat advanced that Madame de Genlis introduces her readers to the *Battuecas*. The commencement of the first volume turns entirely on the love of Adolphe de Palmene and Caliste d'Auberive, whose parents fly from France in consequence of the Revolution. Obligated for their safety to take different roads, they agreed to meet in Spain, but Adolphe on arriving there with his father seeks in vain for Caliste and her mother. At last, after several months passed in anxiety and despair, he receives an enigmatical letter from Caliste, from which may be equally concluded, either that she is in a convent which she does not wish to leave, or in a prison whence she cannot escape, or in the power of some rival who has forced her to write; or any other dreadful supposition may be formed. He received other letters equally obscure, and in the melancholy state of mind produced by these communications, he enters the famous valley of Battuecas, which, according to Madame de Genlis, remains still undiscovered in 1806. There he finds a hero far more extraordinary than the valley—a supernatural prodigy of admirable beauty and prodigious strength, who without instruction, example, or model, had become a great musician, a great painter, and a great poet! A volume of his poems which, unknown to him, had been printed at Madrid, formed the admiration of the Spaniards, who knew not to whom they were indebted for this masterpiece of literature. The name of this Battuecas is Placide, and, endowed with the most brilliant gifts of genius, he lives amidst the other Battuecans the most simple and innocent of men. But though that ignorance and simplicity sometimes defend him against certain of the vices of civilization, they are not sufficient, it appears, to secure him against jealousy. Placide is exposed to

the envy of the men, while he is the object of the predilection of all the young of the other sex. Placide, contrary to the advice of a good missionary, departs from the valley, and enters into another world, only a few leagues off, in quest of other men whom, in his modesty, he believes greatly his superiors, and whom he supposes to have much more cause to pity than to envy him. It has been the ambition of Madame de Genlis to paint the contrast of the ideas, sentiments, and prejudices, of savage and civilized man. She strikes an equitable balance between the advantages and disadvantages of the two states. She pleads the cause of society with a powerful eloquence, and sometimes attacks it with arguments equally forcible and brilliant.

The simplicity of Placide involves him in many troublesome adventures; but love soon civilizes him, and the most noble and wealthy of Spanish heiresses resolves to bestow her hand upon him. There are in this part of the work about fifty pages which are highly interesting. Passion is painted with warmth and animation; noble and delicate sentiments are gracefully expressed; and striking situations are contrived with great skill and a strict regard to probability. After this, Madame de Genlis leaves the valley of the Battuecas and Spain. She transports her reader to France, and once more introduces on the scene the first hero, Adolphe, who has returned to his country to endeavour to find his Caliste. She has perished on the scaffold! a new character is now brought forward; a young Frenchwoman, excited by public and private distress, and by the excesses of the Revolutionists, is impelled by feelings of virtue and devotedness to the highest degree of heroism.

“ Et dans un foible corps s'allame un grand courage.”

The horrid Spanish war re-conducts the reader to the Peninsula, and the hope of again meeting with Battuecans is revived. In fine, Placide re-appears. He rescues an infant from the flames at the moment when a whole family is about to be destroyed. This child, in consequence of a cross, &c. is recognised, and the denouement is brought

about in a manner which is the most Spaniard, and most romantic for the satisfactory for Placide and the fair reader.

THE DRAMA.

KEAN AND SHERIDAN.

MR. Sheridan was so much offended at being excluded from any concern in the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre after the fire, that he made a resolution never to enter it, from which he did not deviate till a few months before his death. When Mr. Kean came out, however, and his extraordinary talents became the universal topic of conversation and admiration, Mr. Sheridan was impressed with an eager curiosity to see him. Yet, faithful to his resolution, he could not be prevailed on to witness his dramatic exertions; he would see Mr. Kean, but he would not see Richard, Shylock, Othello. One day, when Mr. Kean was to perform, he was invited first to dine with Mr. Sheridan, and an intimate friend of his deeply concerned in the Theatre, at a neighbouring tavern. They sat for two hours, when Mr. Kean was obliged to leave the party, and attend his professional duty; but such was the interest excited in Mr. Sheridan's mind, by this new dramatic meteor, that during the whole time he staid, his attention was entirely rivetted upon him, he studied his every look, his every word, his every gesture, nor did he drink even a single glass of wine. "Mr. Kean," said Mr. Sheridan's friend, in relating the anecdote, "may boast of having done what no other man ever could do, of having even charmed Sheridan's attention away from his bottle!" When Mr. Kean was gone, Mr. Sheridan said, "what salary do you give that man?" "Fifteen pounds a week," was the reply.—"'Tis a shame," he said, "he ought, at least, to have double that sum; take my word, you have got a treasure, he will be the salvation and support of your Theatre." Mr. Sheridan at length could no longer resist the attraction of Mr. Kean's talents, but did go to the theatre to see his performance of Sir Giles Overreach, of which he thought so highly, that he said—"There is mind indeed! those are tal-

ents, that can never fail, but must ever be more and more admired, the more they are known."—*Lit. Gaz. for Feb.*

KEMBLE.

A PUBLIC notice, before the late opening of Covent Garden Theatre announced the intention of John Kemble to go through the range of his characters this season, and then take leave of the stage forever. There is something in the words *forever*, which lays a strong hold on the heart. The retirement of a favorite performer in the evening of life, is productive of so many interesting recollections, that it has always been contemplated by the public with regret. We are not surprised that the approaching retirement of so eminent a tragedian, has excited a more than usual sensation among the lovers of the drama. His classic attainments as a scholar, and demeanor as a gentleman, have added to the general esteem of his character. Commencing our publication at the moment, when we are about to lose this distinguished performer, it becomes an anxious pleasure to analyse his style and powers as a great Histrionic Artist; the publicity of his life having superseded the necessity of biographical details. Before we begin our view, we have to remove some crude opinions calculated to interfere with our object; as a traveller, who would approach a noble edifice, must free his path from interfering obstacles. We should be happy, if our limits permitted us, to draw by analogy, from first principles and celebrated examples, an illustration of his physical and mental powers; and endeavour to measure his merits by showing their deep foundations in nature, and the degree of their similitude to the highest performance of Genius in the Sister Arts.

Like all other eminent men, Kemble has been the subject of much applause and envy. In forming our estimate, we shall detach ourselves from local and temporary interests, and judge of him

by himself, by comparison, and by public opinion in its purest channels. In this immense capital, where the contest for public favour is confined to two great Theatres only, the rival proprietors, and their circle of friends, however honorable, are perhaps too closely committed in a strife of personal interests, to judge or speak with perfect impartiality. Without being sensible of their leaning, the most upright are biassed, when delivering an opinion for or against their own concerns. To the spirit of honest pride, which beats the mind in all contests for superiority, the spirit of gain adds its less scrupulous and more powerful influence. When the rage of adventure has greatly multiplied proprietors, their efforts to obtain what may be termed the *run of the market*, in favour of their own actors, has a tendency to corrupt the public taste. The merits of performers are overrated, and their palpable defects not unfrequently made the subject of extravagant commendation. Some of the periodical journals and diurnal Critics are engaged as auxiliaries, so that the columns of a newspaper, are, sometimes, no very faithful guide to the opinion of the public. Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Kean and Kemble, have been thus, at random, praised and censured.

An eminent tragedian, besides the advantage of a classical education, requires a noble exterior, and Kemble possesses this requisite in a superior degree. The personal disadvantages of a dwarfish and deformed Poet, Painter, and Sculptor, as in the instances of Pope and Bamboccio, cast no veil over the fine qualities of their minds. The men and their merits are distinct: and we judge of their genius in their works, without ever having seen, or thought of, their persons. But the merits of an Actor are identified with his person; they live and die together. Unlike other imitative Artists, his personal endowments are of the first importance because they come first under the eye; and the man, himself, is the mirror through which his talents or the merits of his mind are seen. If we did not every day hear the opposite maintained, it would appear idle to observe, that he who has to personate a hero, a monarch,

or a fine gentleman, ought to possess a person and countenance in conformity with each of these characters.

If there be not this conformity, there can be no perfect illusion; although there may be great powers of genius: and an audience may be highly gratified, by a display of impassioned energy and much knowledge of human nature. The Actor may excite powerful sympathies in characters of fiery vehemence; but he cannot do justice to his own conceptions, where grandeur and majesty are required. However just his feelings and ideas may be, they are seen like a fine picture, through an opaque and discoloured glass. In the high class of Grecian and Roman characters, no vigor of conception or feeling can altogether atone for meanness of figure and countenance. Intending to follow up, in the succeeding numbers of this publication, our notice of Kemble with a similar review of that admirable performer Kean, of Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Mr. M'Cready, and the whole strength of the two Theatres, these remarks are necessary in the outset, to oppose some prejudices which have arisen from a want of a due consideration on the subject.

The causes, which govern the affections and sympathies in private life, operate with more influence on the public stage. We agree with lord Chesterfield, that a good person and countenance are the best letter of recommendation, which nature can bestow. They ensure the bearer a good reception in all countries. Notwithstanding this natural effect from natural causes has prevailed in all ages, some Critics have endeavoured to reason us out of these feelings. In their estimate of Actors, they seem to hold a good or bad face or person as objects of secondary and small consequence. They place their whole stress upon the words "*great nature*," "*strikingly natural*," or "*naturalness*," by which they imply *their notion of a near resemblance of every-day nature*. This, in our judgment, is the chief merit of a great Actor. But the finest form and face, and those which are least favored, an admirable Crichton and an Æsop, are equally the work of Nature: so far their looks, gestures, and movements are equally

natural ; and in the expression of the passions, the latter is frequently more violent, or as they term it, more *striking* than the former. But no person will say that they are equally capable of exciting our sympathies, or equally impressive. It is not therefore the mere circumstance of an actor's being, in the ordinary sense, more strikingly natural, which produces the difference in our feelings. It is, as in the case of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, the superior nobleness, grace, and grandeur of form and face, which enable one to exercise a higher dominion over our senses ; and render him, with even no higher mental powers or feelings, a superior organ of effect.

The powerful impression of personal advantages, renders the study of superior forms a first principle, as a primary instrument of effect in all the imitative arts. Homer confers upon Achilles, as his principal character, loftiness of form, masculine beauty, vigour, and martial grace. Virgil clothes Æneas in majesty of the highest degree. Milton has even represented Satan, in faded grandeur, "like the *Sun* shorne of his beams." Longinus considers grandeur and nobleness, as the first source of the sublime, and the most rare and highest excellence of a Poet. The ancient Poets, Painters, and Sculptors, spent their lives in attaining this envied excellence. Their works are immortalised, not so much by those strong and violent gestures and action, which are in our time termed "*strikingly natural*," as by their *general resemblance to nature*, their majesty and beauty of form and face. Our great Dramatic Poet has strikingly exemplified his opinion of personal advantages, in Hamlet's comparison of his father and uncle to his mother. Shakespeare did not confine the reprehension to the moral guilt of her crime. The son appeals to the evidence of her eyes, to prove that she had sinned against all rule of nature and sense, in her preference of the inferior figure and face of his uncle to the "*grace—combination—majestical, fair, and warlike form*" of his father.

Kemble's voice was not naturally strong, but it was of a mellow, manly tone, and he has given it a great compass by practice. He possesses that no-

bleness and grandeur of form and face, which, combined with a just conception and powerful feelings, constitute the primary qualification of a Tragedian of the highest class. It may be termed the *GOLD* of Nature ; that is, the purest organ or basis for the exhibition of passion, expression and character. Compared with it, inferior forms, even when equal in conception and feeling, are but as *Silver* ; and so on, to the meaner metals, in proportion as they sink below the standard or first order. Kemble's rank in the first class, where he has had so very few rivals, was fixed by nature. No person considers a fine medal in *brass*, of equal value to one in *silver*, or one in *silver*, equal to one in *gold*, although all equally brilliant in point of impression, and struck from the same die. There is a union of strength and symmetry in his figure ; a flowing largeness in the outline of his person ; and a fine accord of all the parts, the essential of grandeur, in the whole. The same character of majesty is stamped on his countenance. The breadth of his forehead, and dignified elevation of his brow, are suited to command. This impression of royalty is well sustained by the volume of thought and fiery meaning of his eye. The aquiline boldness of his nose, the expression of his mouth and line of his chin, form a noble contour. There is a masculine prominence in his features ; but their boldness is harmonized by their perfect unison with each other. In the countenance of his celebrated competitor, COOKE, the features, although all separately fine, were not in such fortunate accord. The bold line of his aquiline nose, and manly projection of his chin, were somewhat too large for his remaining features. This disproportion, with the lour of his brow, construction of his body, stormy power of his voice, and coarse turn of his mind, enabled him to throw a tremendous depth of expression into characters of a plotting, guilty, and ferocious cast. With these unenviable requisites, and a strong conception of his author, it is no injustice to admit that in the remorseless mind and peculiar person of the tyrant Richard, he came, perhaps, somewhat nearer the mark, at least he gave a darker shadowing to the picture than Kemble has done. The education

of the latter, his natural and acquired endowments; his honorable ambition; his association with persons of high rank; and all the whole frame of his mind, have qualified him for the high department in which he has shone for thirty-four years on the London stage. His *Coriolanus*, *Brutus*, and *Cato*, are acknowledged to be not only the most just and classic, but the grandest representations of the Roman character ever exhibited on the British, or on any modern stage. His *Alexander* displayed the fiery vain-glory and extravagant grandeur of mad *Lee's* ranting original. His *King John*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*, showed all the varied shades and admirable discrimination, with which *Shakspeare* separated these characters; and gave to each his distinctive features of subtlety, guilt, weakness, grief, madness, and kingly elevation. His *Hamlet* was a masterpiece of sentiment and noble bearing: his *Wolsey* a fine representation of wounded pride and disappointed ambition; fallen, but dignified and chastened by affecting touches of solemnity and sadness. The correct arrangement of the cardinal's costume, the calm impressive melancholy look; the venerable style of bending loftiness in the whole figure, can never be forgotten. Of many of these charac-

ters he may be justly said to be the only legitimate representative; some, it is to be feared, and those of the highest class, will die with him. But as he descended nearer to the level of every-day life, he has found competitors, and some on equal terms. The melancholy abstraction of his *Penruddock* and *Stranger*, and the pathetic insanity of his *Octavian* never failed of their due impression. That a great man like *Kemble* should have attempted characters, for which his powers were not altogether suited, is not an unusual circumstance. When young, he performed *Othello* and *Romeo*, but fell below himself in these characters. He also made some attempts in genteel comedy, but his performance wanted the gliding easy demeanour of modern life. That he seriously meditated on *Falstaff* may well be doubted. Neither our intentions nor our limits permit a notice of all his characters even by name, we shall therefore briefly conclude the present article, by observing that he has been equalled in his time, by *Henderson*, *Cooke*, and *Kean* only. These great actors, in some parts of certain characters, have surpassed him. But, "take him for all in all," we fear, after we have lost him, that it will be long before we shall look upon his like again.—*Ibid.*

LORD BYRON'S POETICAL CHARACTER EXAMINED.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE qualities which are requisite to form a good poet, are so various and so rare, that it is not surprising that we so seldom see one:—imagination, judgment, taste, originality, and the difficult art of versification. These excellencies, too, must be possessed by him in the highest state of perfection, if he expects to interest deeply, or to please long. Mediocrity, as *Horace* has justly remarked, may be endured in any other character except that of the poet; it is not sufficient that his productions be beautiful, they are of no value unless they be exquisitely beautiful.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia
sunt.

Ars Poetica.

2D

ATHENEUM VOL. I.

Notwithstanding, however, the difficulty of moving in this exalted sphere, more are found to attempt it than any other department of literature; a truth that was never more strongly exemplified than at present. In the last ten or twelve years, more than four times the quantity of poetry has been published than was ever before during an equal period; and several pieces have been more favorably received than any of our highest classics, on their first publication; for which, I am apt to think, they have been more indebted to the capricious dominion of fashion than to their superior merit. I particularly noticed one called the *Giaour*, by *Lord Byron*,

a strange jumble of affectation and common-place ; the author's only ambition being to write what he thinks is fine poetry, but he is no wise solicitous about what is natural, instructive, or pleasing. The sale of this poem was, I believe, unparalleled ; in the course of a few months about twelve editions were published, and the book then was entirely thrown aside. Sudden and tumultuous approbation is no proof of real merit, but generally, the contrary. The simple and dignified charms of nature are never obvious to the multitude ; but, by those by whom they are discerned, they make an impression which time, instead of obliterating, every day more and more confirms. Had the *Giaour* possessed intrinsic worth, as the subject was of a general nature, and not addressed to accidental and temporary passions or prejudices, it would have continued to be equally acceptable as on its first appearance.*

I am not in the practice of reading those long poetical narratives with which we have been lately deluged ; but, from the copious extracts which I meet with in the critical journals, I can perceive that their authors do not use the public extremely well for its uncommon partiality to them. In all their successive publications little novelty or variety appears. The *Siege of Corinth*, in its essential character, seems a copy of all its predecessors. We perceive the same sentiments and images perpetually recurring in a very narrow range ; and that affected kind of gloomy sublimity, which is conspicuous in all this author's other productions, also predominates in this. The principal personage in this poem exactly resembles those in the preceding ones : dark, resolute, and highly sublimated with passion ; but, as no traits of humanity are discernible, it is impossible to form any rational conception of them. They are all alike infuriated with a ter-

rific vengeful kind of love, in which there is abundance of heroism and pretended sublimity, but no tincture of nature. It is described as a lunatic sort of passion, which rages, not, as is usual, in the heart, but in the brain : the turban of the lover is said to be pressed on his hot brow, and his head grows fevered. It is to be lamented that poets, instead of continually straining their imagination after what they suppose to be sublime description, did not rather search for truth, by consulting the feelings of their own breast : love, surely, never exhibited such phenomena, unless, perhaps, in cases of actual madness. The heroines also of Lord Byron, like his heroes, are not less remarkable for their absurdity than their uniformity. They are all supposed to be, in general, beautiful, but say or do nothing to mark their character. Far from being distinguished by sentimental graces, we are not even presented with any definite idea of their personal accomplishments. I shall not occupy the room of your more useful matter by any minute display of this poet's constant repetitions. If in his capital figures he has not taken the trouble to study variety, we may believe, without any particular proofs, that, in the auxiliary circumstances, he has been still more regardless.

It must be allowed, however, that Lord Byron is not always engaged in stringing and re-stringing his own poetical pearls ; he is sometimes at the pains to turn aside and pilfer a few from others' stores. Of this kind I observe two very brilliant ones in the passages before me ; although, undoubtedly, their lustre is much tarnished by the handling of them. One is from Ossian's description of *Crugal's Ghost*, which Dr. Blair thinks is not outdone by the highest exertions of any epic or tragic poet whatever. That excellent critic particularly admires the circumstance of the stars being beheld " dim twinkling through his form," as wonderfully picturesque, and conveying the most lively impression of his thin and shadowy substance. Our poet, ambitious of equal fame, attempts the same idea ; but he degrades it, and produces a ludicrous figure. At the same time, he forgets that bodies do not ac-

* When the ferment in favour of this poem was at its height, I sent to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine* a few observations on it ; in which, from a consideration of some *admirable* passages, selected by the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, I attempted to point out its demerits. These, however, have never made their appearance ; and they may now, perhaps, be deemed unnecessary. Fugitive poetry must be speedily attacked.

quire their transparency from their external hue.

"Once she raised her hand on high,
It was so wan and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through."

This noble author possesses so little of the conscious pride of genius, as to arrogate to himself one of the most striking and well-known sentiments of late times. Every one knows that the eloquent Mr. Burke contemplated with peculiar indignation the outrages committed against the late queen of France, and observed, that in an age of chivalry ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge her wrongs. To the meanness of borrowing, the poet has added the folly of supposing that a generous sympathy could exist for a secluded female in the eastern court, where such chivalrous notions are not only wholly unknown, but would be esteemed highly criminal.

"Had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had sheathless shone."

Criticism, it is allowed, does not insist on a rigid exclusion of foreign ideas from

an author's compositions. As the constitution of the human mind, and the appearances and operations of nature, the fountain of all knowledge, are uniform in every age and country, the same reflections will often occur unconsciously to different persons; and well-known sentiments, too, may appear occasionally in the pages of the best writers, without any indecorum, when it is evident that they are capable of producing those which are equally good; but if they adopt as their own such conspicuous and resplendent passages, they will unavoidably incur ridicule and contempt. He, it may also be observed, who communicates to trite ideas all the freshness and graces of originality, by reducing them to their elements, and viewing them, like the first inventor, as they existed in nature, cannot be thought a plagiarist. Much less do such poets as Pope or Gray deserve this reproachful name, although they have often availed themselves of the labours of others; for, having passed them through the powerful alembic of their genius, they have had the advantage of not only being purged of all their baser qualities, but of appearing with renovated splendor and dignity.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

From the Literary Gazette.

LETTER I.

MAY this, the commencement of our first correspondence, find my beloved sister in health, and may this, my first absence from her and my native home, prove prosperous. At least it is better than idleness in Wales, and an income so reduced as ours has lately been. With an introductory letter from the governess of the great house, to her aunt in Bond-street, I am secure of friends and a bed. Then (thanks to my deceased father) I am well versed in the classics, both ancient and modern: and though the rest of my reading is rather desultory, though I have often read second volumes without reading the first, and books of refutation without the books they refute, yet still, as I know house-keeping, and retain all the primitive manners and morals of that dear village where we have

passed our lives, no doubt I shall be most eagerly received as a governess into any genteel family I may fancy.

As for marriage, I disclaim all thoughts of it. I remember, many years ago, when we were both young enough, we used to rally each other on being old maids; but somehow the joke grew flat by repetition; and in fact, for these ten years past, we have never renewed it. Perhaps it is now too late. Not that I mind the matter myself, but I would not on any account dishearten you.

When I got into the coach at Cardiff, I found two of the seats occupied by a gentleman and lady. The conversation began with the weather—a subject, which, I understand, is in great request among people who meet for the first time. Nothing could be more agreed than our

opinions upon it; and even if we had differed, there was the weather itself before our faces, ready to decide the dispute.

The gentleman, however, suggested, that our rainy season might proceed from certain eruptive spots, which had lately broken out on the sun's face, and which, by withholding some of the solar light, might at last injure vegetation, and bring on agricultural distress.

"That does not follow," says the lady, "because light and caloric being incapable of separation, the sun may still disperse his warmth, though he withdraw his radiance."

"In which case," observed the gentleman, laughing, "the world must necessarily be stuck round with rows of lamps: the farmer himself must plough by torch light, and Damon, sitting at a pastoral brook with his Daphne, must clap a candle to her face while he praises it."

"But even then," resumed the lady, "he could not praise her rosy cheek, or auburn hair. For as solar light is the origin of colours, both cheek and hair would become a complexionless blank; and in process of time, commentators would puzzle themselves, not so much about the punctuation of Shakspeare's 'green one red,' as whether green and red were like the 'sound of a trumpet.' In short, if you wish for a complete list of what would happen, read Byron's poem on Darkness."

Sister of my bosom, what a treasure is travelling! Not three miles from home, a middle aged gentlewoman, in a plain bonnet, has already made my blood run cold, by her speculations on a little spot, millions of miles distant.

She talked much in the same style for about two hours, and at length left me so much impressed with her erudition, that I candidly told her all my plans, and begged to know whether I could gain admission into any literary circles in town. She assured me nothing was easier. I need only read for about three weeks, at the rate of a science a day; as, by the modern mode of getting up books, time was the last thing necessary for knowledge. Or, if I did not choose to take this trouble, I might make a collection of periwinkles, or any thing—no matter what—so nobody else could show

one like it. Or I might set out as an enthusiast in insects, or a devotee to fossils, or a worshipper of statues without heads. Thus qualified, I should be certain of getting introduced at coteries and institutionary lectures, where, she says, they show you the prettiest tricks in nature, with pipkins, detonation and a vacuum; and where any thing abominable may be talked, provided it be but scientifically.

This wonderful woman stopped at Bristol, but gave me her address in London, and half hinted something about making me her amanuensis.

After she had left us, the gentleman began (just think!) to ridicule her ignorance; and then, by way of showing his own learning, uttered a set of the most glaring falsehoods I ever heard fall from a tongue. He actually affirmed, that the philosophers have invented a mode of setting fire to the air, and of lighting up their houses with it! Conceive his effrontery. But this was nothing to what followed. He swore roundly, that they are about paving a whole street with iron; that they have got iron shafts to their carriages, and iron cables to their ships; in a word, if you believe him, this is the iron age.

Here he might perhaps have stopped; but, unfortunately, we were at breakfast, so the steam of the tea-pot set his fancy to work again. And what was the result, think you? Why, that oars and sails are now found superfluous, and that the latest pattern of ship goes quite swimmingly upon wheels, with just a little help from a pot of boiling water! steam, he says, steam does the business. Steam, a vapour that I could disperse with my fan, carries a great hulking vessel through the waves and winds all the world over? Thus has this fellow, with an ease that would shock you, turned air into fire, made iron lighter than wood, and overcome hurricanes with an exhalation.

Other passengers soon joined, and relieved me from his impertinence. They were all of the first quality: at least, if one might judge from their conversation; as every soul of them had heard a lord say something or other. There was one young man, however, who seemed to

have heard a sentence from every nobleman in England ; till, after dinner, undertaking to divide the bill, he ran thro' pounds, shillings, and pence so adroitly, and cut his figures with such commercial nimbleness, that I asked him by way of jest, whether he was not a clerk ? To my surprise he confessed he was a banker's assistant ; so, as it was now clear, he had only picked up the chit-chat of noblemen, while they were drawing money, he declined quoting them any more. Indeed afterwards he made an effort to re-establish his consequence, by showing that he was upon good terms with bruisers ; and they, he assured me, were upon the very best terms with lords.

Being only a few hours in London, I have hitherto remarked nothing extraordinary, but the ridiculous accent of the people. They too laugh at mine, not because it is, in itself, worse than their own, but because it is not spoken where there are a great number of houses. If

the Londoners adopted the broad Scotch, broad Scotch would then be considered the standard of purity. If the Court chose to call for *winegar*, every one else, under pain of vulgarity, must purse up their mouths to the pronunciation ; and a meeting between the teeth and lip in V, would be thought to disfigure the finest face at St. James's.

It is now no more than two days since I left home, and yet it appears almost ten. When one changes on a sudden, from still life to busy, the time, as it passes, seems short, because novelty occupies the mind ; but on looking back at it, we fancy it long, because we measure its duration by the number of incidents.

I shall write every week, and, as I become acquainted with the town, give you some account of its customs, manners, and literature. Meanwhile remember me to friends at Sully. Say the kindest things for me to dear puss, and tell Lion, I kiss his paw. ADIEU.

WATER, WOOD, AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.*

From the New Annual Register.

Concluded.

IF towering eminences have the power to charm and elevate men, who are pursuing the milder occupations of life, with what rapture shall they inspire the hearts of those long encompassed with danger, who, from the top of high mountains, behold the goal to which their wishes and exertions have long been anxiously directed !—Zenophon affords a fine instance of the power of this union of association and admiration over the mind and heart. The Ten Thousand Greeks, after encountering innumerable difficulties and dangers, in the heart of an enemy's country, at length halted at the foot of a high mountain. Arrived at its summit, the sea unexpectedly burst, in all its grandeur, on their astonished sight ! the joy was universal ; the soldiers could not refrain from tears ; they embraced their generals and captains with the most extravagant delight ; they appeared already to have reached the places of their nativity, and, in imagination, again sat beneath the vines that shaded their paternal dwellings !

* See p. 158.

“ On the other hand the soldiers of Hannibal shrunk back with awe and affright, when they arrived at the foot of the mountains, that backed the town of Martigny. The sight of those enormous rampires, whose heads, capped with eternal snow, appeared to touch the heavens, struck a sensible dejection on the hearts of the soldiers. It was in the middle of autumn : the trees were yellow with the falling leaf ; and a vast quantity of snow having blocked up many of the passes, the only objects which reminded them of humanity, were a few miserable cottages perched upon the points of inaccessible cliffs ; flocks almost perished with cold ; and men of hairy bodies and of savage visages ! On the ninth day, after conquering difficulties without number, the army reached the summit of the Alps. The alarm, which had been circulating among the troops all the way, now became so evident, that Hannibal thought proper to notice it ; and, halting on the top of one of the mountains, from which there was a fine view of Italy, he pointed out to them the luxuriant plains of Piedmont, which appeared, like a large map,

before them. He magnified the beauty of those regions, and represented to them, how near they were of putting a final period to their difficulties, since one or two battles would inevitably give them possession of the Roman capital. This speech, filled with such promising hopes, and the effect of which was so much enforced by the sight of Italian landscapes, inspired the dejected soldiers with renewed vigour and alacrity; that they sat forward, and soon after arrived in the plains, near the city of Turin.

"This celebraetd march, performed at such an unfavourable season of the year, in a country, rendered by nature almost inaccessible, has been the admiration of every succeeding age; and many a fruitless attempt has been made to ascertain its actual route. Gen. Melville has at length settled the question. With Polybius in his hand, he traced it from 'the point where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone, up the left bank of the river, across Dauphiné to the entrance of the mountains at Les Echelles, along the vale to Chambery, up the banks of the Isere, by Conflans and Moustier, over the gorge of the Alps, called the Little St. Bernard, and down their eastern slopes by Aosti and Ivrea, to the plains of Piedmont, in the neighborhood of Turin.'

"On the 9th of May, in the year eighteen hundred, Napoleon, then first consul of France (*gaudens viam fecisse ruina*,) set off from Paris to assume the command of the army of Italy. On the thirteenth, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. Having reviewed his troops, he pursued his journey along the north banks of the lake of Geneva, and passing through Vevey, Villeneuve, and Aigle, arrived at Martinach, situated near a fine sweep of the Rhone, near its confluence with the Durance. From this place the modern Hannibal, (not more resembling that warrior in military talent than in perfidy,) passed through Burg, and St. Brencier; and after great toil, difficulty and danger, arrived with his whole army at the top of the great St. Bernard. The road up this mountain is one of the most difficult, and the scenes, which it presents, are as magnificent as any in Switzerland. Rocks, gulpha, avalanches, or precipices, presented themselves at every step. Not

a soldier but was alternately petrified with horror, or captivated with delight. At one time feeling himself a coward, at another, animated with the inspirations of a hero! Arrived at the summit of that tremendous mountain, and anticipating nothing but a multitude of dangers and accidents in descending from those regions of perpetual snow, on a sudden turning of the road, they beheld tables, covered, as if by magic, with every kind of necessary refreshment—The monks of St. Bernard had prepared the banquet. Bending with humility and grace, those holy fathers besought the army to partake the comforts of their humble fare. The army feasted, returned tumultuous thanks to the monks, and passed on. A few days after this event, the battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy.

"To the eye and heart of the ambitious, how many subjects of inducement and delight do mountains present! Who would not be proud to climb the summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Andes? Is there a Sicilian, who does not boast of Etna? Is there a Scot, who does not take pride in celebrating Ben Lomond? and is there an Italian, that is not vain of the Apennines? Who, that is alive to nature and the muse, would not be delighted to wander up the sides of the Caucasus, the cone of Teneriffe, or those beautiful mountains, situated on the confines of three nations, so often and so justly celebrated by the poets of antient Greece? and shall our friend Colonna be censured for confessing, that the proudest moments of his existence have been those in which he has reached the summits of the Wrekin, the Ferywn, and the cone of Langollen? or when he has beheld from the tops of Carnedd David, and Llewellyn, a long chain of mountains, stretching from the north to the south, from Penmanmawr to Cader Idris? Snowdon rising in the centre, his head capd with snow, and towering above the clouds, while his immense sides, black with rugged and impending rocks, stretched in long length below!

"During his continuance on *Pen-y Voel*, Mr. Cox, the celebrated Swiss traveller, felt that extreme satisfaction, which is ever experienced when elevated on the highest point of the adjacent

country. 'The air,' as that gentleman justly observes from Rousseau, 'is more pure, the body more active, and the mind more serene. Lifted up above the dwellings of man, we discard all grovelling and earthly passions; the thoughts assume a character of sublimity, proportionate to the grandeur of the surrounding objects: and, as the body approaches nearer to the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes a portion of their unalterable purity.' In a note to this passage Rousseau expresses his surprise, that a bath of the reviving air of the mountains is not more frequently prescribed by the physician, as well as by the moralist.

"Emotions of religion are always the most predominant in such elevated regions. Mr. Adams, when employed as minister plenipotentiary, from the States of America to the court of Berlin, visited the vast mountains that separate Silesia from Bohemia. Upon the Schneegitten he beheld the celebrated pits, where the snow remains unmelted for the greater part of the year: upon the Risenkoppe, the highest pinnacle in Germany, he beheld all Silesia, all Saxony, and Bohemia, stretched like a map before him. 'Here,' says he, 'my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to that immensity of objects, expanded before my view. The transition from this idea to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul with the Author of nature, was natural and immediate: from this to the recollection of my country, my parents, and my friends.

"It is highly interesting to observe, what pride a mountaineer takes in his country. Mr. Coxe, travelling near Munster, was requested by a peasant to inform him what he thought of his country; and pointing to the mountains with rapture, he exclaimed, behold our walls and bulwarks, even Constantinople is not so strongly fortified.' And Colonna never reflects, but with pleasure, on the self-evident satisfaction with which a farmer, residing in one of the most inaccessible cliffs, near Ffestiniog, replied to his assertion, that England was the finest and best country in the world, 'ah! but you have no mountains, sir; you've got no mountains!'—The Sici-

lian peasants, in the same manner, have such an affection for Etna, that they believe Sicily would not be habitable without it. 'It keeps us warm in winter,' say they, 'and furnishes us with ice in the summer.'

'If we except mountains, nothing has so imposing an effect upon the imagination, as high, impending and precipitate rocks; those objects which, in so peculiar a manner, appear to have been formed by some vast convulsion of the earth; and I remember, my Lelius, few scenes, which have given me greater severity of delight, than those vast crags, which rear themselves in a multitude of shapes, near Ogwen's Lake; at the falls of the Conway; at St. Gwen's Chapel in Pembrokeshire, and the singular masses at Worm's Head, in the district of Gower. The first of these scenes is the more endeared to my fancy, from the following Ode having been written by La Rochefort, among its rude and sterile precipices.

ODE.

I.

To th' Oak, that near my cottage grew,
I gave a lingering, sad adieu;
I left my Zenophelia true

To love's fine power---

I felt the tear my cheek bedew

In that sad hour.---

II.

Upon the mountain's side I stood,
Capt with Rothsay's arching wood;
And, as I view'd the mimic flood,

So smooth and still,

I listen'd---gaz'd in pensive mood---

Then climb'd the hill.

III.

'Adieu, thou wood-embosom'd spire,

'No longer shall my rustic lyre

'In tender simple notes respire

'Thy tombs among;

'No longer will it sooth thy choir

'With funeral song.

IV.

'The world before me;---I must rove

'Through vice's glittering, vain alcove;

'Alas! as 'mid the world I move,

'Shall I have time

'To tremble at the name of love,

'And speak in rhyme?

V.

Five years are past, since this I sigh'd,

Since to the world without a guide,

My fortunes I oppos'd to pride;---

Oh ! time mispent !---
My pains are lost---my talents tried---
With punishment !

VI.

Now to my hamlet I'll retire,
Cur'd of every vain desire ;
And burning with the sacred fire,
That charm'd my youth ;
To love I'll dedicate my lyre,
And heaven-born truth.

"When rocks are scattered among woods, covered with ivy, and peopled with animals, as in the celebrated pass at Undercliff, nothing can be more embellishing to scenery, and nothing fascinates the imagination in a more vivid and impressive manner. Of all the rocks, which this island can boast, few can compare with those that alternately form the sides, the front screens, and the back grounds of the Wye. 'There,' says Mr. Gilpin, who has described the general character of this unequalled river with the skill and judgment of a painter, and with all the taste and genius of a poet, 'the rocks are continually starting through the woods, and are generally simple and grand ; rarely formal or fantastic. Sometimes they project in those beautiful square masses, yet broken and shattered in every line, which is characteristic of the most majestic species of rock. Sometimes they slant obliquely from the eye in shelving diagonal strata ; and sometimes they appear in large masses of smooth stone, detached from each other and half buried in the soil.' These masses of smooth rock are those objects of nature, which most resemble the ar-

chitecture of man. Sometimes they rear themselves into vast natural amphitheatres ; at other times into rampires, with all the regularity of immense walls ; and with no herbage, no hanging masses of shrubs, no ivy adorning their crevices, they surprise, without delighting us. For, as the same elegant writer truly observes, no object receives so much beauty from contrast as the rock. 'Some objects,' says he, 'are beautiful in themselves ; the eye is pleased with the tuftings of a tree ; it is amused with pursuing the eddying of a stream ; or it rests with delight on the broken arches of a gothic ruin. Such objects, independent of composition, are beautiful in themselves.—But the rock, bleak, naked and unadorned, seems scarcely to deserve a place among them. Tint it with mosses and lichens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty ; adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage, and you make it still more picturesque ; connect it with wood, water, and broken ground, and you make it in the highest degree interesting. Its colour and its form are so accommodating, that it generally blends into one of the most beautiful appendages of landscape.'

-----where high rocks, o'er ocean's dashing floods,
Wave high in air, their panoply of woods,
Admiring taste delights to stray beneath
With eye uplifted, and forgets to breathe ;
Or, as aloft his daring footsteps climb,
Crests their high summits with his arm sublime.

Philos. of Nature.

ON THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT seems to have been the favourite object of most ages and countries to preserve from putrefaction the bodies of those who, in life, had been beloved or respected. The Egyptians have succeeded in their mummies, and the Romans in burning and collecting the ashes of the dead ; but the more natural and rational process has seldom been considered, viz. that of speedily incorporating with the earth all that remains of organized matter.

There is a class of animals [*Vermes*] which forms the connecting link betwixt animal and vegetable life ; through this medium the bodies of dead animals are transformed into new life in vegetables. Instead, therefore of incasing the corpse in lead or oak coffins, or embalming to preserve it a little longer from the worms, it is surely more rational, and more according to the laws of nature to bury it in such thin or perishable materials as may most speedily promote its dissolution ; and, if the surface of the

ground were covered with flowering plants, the grave, instead of an object of disgust and horror, might be converted into a pleasing record of our past affections.

How delightful is the thought, that while we are inhaling the fragrance of a rose or violet, growing in the mould composed of our ancestors or friends, we may be breathing the pure and per-

fumed essence of all that now remains of what was in life most dear to us.

If all our church-yards were flower-gardens, and every grave a bed of roses, we should learn to look on the mansions of the dead with hope and joy, and not with dread and disgust; and the good Christian should follow his Lord's example, whose burial-place was in a garden.

H. R.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

[Continued.]

I BELIEVE I have not as yet so much as mentioned the Palais Royal, and shall for the present postpone any notice of it, having still objects of greater interest to consider. Among these I reckon the *hospitals* of Paris. If the French nation are possessed of charity in the same degree as the people of England, it must be admitted that either they are averse to making a public display of it, or that some other cause diverts it from that course which it takes in England; where the meetings of numerous societies, voluntarily united for some charitable purpose or other, are as frequent and regular as the rising of the sun, and innumerable edifices for these purposes are constructed at the expense of private individuals, whilst their architecture serves at the same time to ornament the places where they are erected.

Little or nothing of all this is to be met with in the metropolis of France—if you except that truly grand and imposing structure the *Hotel des Invalides*, erected by a warlike monarch, having uncontrolled command over the revenues of the whole nation; and the institution for foundlings, which is upon a very extensive scale. But here, as in all other matters which concern the public, one may see the effect of an absolute government, upon which the individuals of the nation idly lean—having neither authority nor inclination to take the business of the community into their own hands.

The streets of Paris, however, do not at present by any means exhibit that state of mendicity which must have existed formerly, if the accounts of travellers are correct; nor do these accounts

as to the wants of cleanliness in the hospitals here, receive any confirmation from what they now exhibit in that respect. The poor and sick must therefore somehow be provided for, though not in such mansions as, what the French call, the English hospitals of luxury; where a great part of the funds are diverted from their legitimate object, and expended in large salaries for the officers, and in splendid buildings. There are, I believe, twenty-two hospitals, if not more, in Paris, the management of the whole of which is vested in a committee of government, and therefore liable to all the defects of such an administration. The funds of these hospitals consist in what little property the Revolution has left them; but the greatest part of the expense is supplied by the government. It is perhaps a plan deserving of imitation, to keep patients under different diseases, as they do here, separated in different hospitals, by which the nature of such diseases is likely to become more perfectly understood by the medical men attached to these hospitals.

The *Hotel des Invalides* distinguishes itself in a view of Paris by its gilt cupola, an unusual object in European architecture, proclaiming, as it were, to the spectator, that the comfortable retreat of the disabled soldier is the principal object of the care of the nation and its chief. A winged lion, a trophy torn from the impotent republic of Venice, stands on a high pedestal at the entrance of the avenue leading to the gate and iron balustrade.* The building pre-

* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that this trophy has since been restored to the city, from which it was brought by the universal plunderers.—Ed.

sents but one large front ; but it is square in its construction ; containing several courts with galleries, in which about 3,000 inmates can be accommodated. In every part of this hospital, a great attention to fresh air and cleanliness is evident. The bedrooms of the patients has a thorough air from windows on opposite sides, which look into small gardens ; and, though the weather had for a long time been very hot, not the least offensive smell was perceived in any part of it. The bedsteads have white curtains, and a chest of drawers by the side of them ; the pewter basons for the soup were scoured by the nurses to the utmost degree of brightness. There are gardens for those who are able to walk, and covered places to shelter them from the rain or the sun. In the captains' dining-room the cloth was laid for dinner ; with a napkin, a large loaf, and a bottle of wine for each. This room is adorned with paintings of the towns taken 1672. In the soldiers' room the cloth was not yet laid ; it had paintings of merely the plans of the fortifications taken in 1667. The great kitchen is high and cleanly, but apparently not very large for such an establishment. There is a separate kitchen for the apothecary. The chapel has nothing very particular ; but the greatest attention and expense has been bestowed upon that part which is under the dome, and upon the dome itself. The architecture of this part, in the form of a cross, is beautiful ; the floor of the rotunda and of the adjoining chapels is of marble, adorned with *fleurs de lis*. Here is a monument to Vauban, erected, as the inscription says, *par S. M. l'Empereur et Roi, 1807* :—another monument for Turenne, who is represented dying in the arms of victory, with the battle of Turkheim in 1675, in bas relief. The interior of the cupola and the ceilings are adorned with beautiful paintings set in richly gilt frames. This hospital was originally erected by Louis XIV. While I was in this hospital, a large body of foreign troops, returning from exercise in the *Champs de Mars*, marched by with drums and music playing, and colours flying : what effect this must have upon the feelings of these veterans in their retreat may be easily imagined.

The *Foundling Hospital*, which I had often heard mentioned as an institution more extensive than any other of the kind, I did not find, as I expected, to be a building upon a scale of extraordinary magnitude. It is near the Observatory and the *Boulevard du Parnasse*. The whole institution is now placed under what they call *la Maternité*. The building just mentioned contained only one hundred beds, or rather iron cradles, in one large room, besides an infirmary for the sick infants ; these cradles had white coverings, and the room seemed to be sufficiently spacious for that number of infants under the age of two years ; for, when arrived at that age, they are sent to other houses, called *Hospices des Orphelins*. The hundred cradles in this room were not filled, by about thirty. Whilst I was surprised at the small number of these infants in the house, I was much more surprised, when I was told, that the number with the nurses, in the country, amounted to *fourteen thousand*. Each infant, on being received, has a ticket fastened to its cap with a progressive number, beginning every new year with number one : the number of this day (16th September) was 3,600 and a few more. In the infirmary there were many infants ; there was a fire and several nurses. The woman attending me uncovered and showed to me many pitiable-looking babies ; at last coming to one cradle, she said : “ I fear this poor thing is dead.” She uncovered it, and sure enough it was dead, cold, and stiff, and its mouth covered with froth. The woman appeared quite indifferent about it. Whilst the principal object of this institution seems to be, to prevent infanticide, for which it is well calculated, I cannot help entertaining doubts of the expediency of carrying it to such extent, as will invite the idle and profligate to leave their offspring to the care and charge of the public, and deprive thousands of infants of the fostering care of their parents, who, though poor, would still have found means to bring up these children, if this easy resource were not held out to them.

Of the *Hospices des Orphelins*, to which the foundlings are sent, when past two years old, I visited one in the *rue St. Antoine*. It is a very good building,

inclosing a large square planted with trees, and a large chapel. The rooms are airy and clean, and the utensils properly scoured. The children appeared decently clean, though not like what you are accustomed to in England. Their appearance was also healthy, considering the general complexion of French children. The girls make the linen for themselves and for the boys, when these are sent out to employment. The nurses seemed, by their dress, to belong to a religious order, and had a very respectable appearance.

Several of the hospitals bear the inscription: *Hospice d'Incurables*, which does not allude to lunatics, but to cripples, superannuated, and sick past recovery. A large hospital of this kind is in the *rue Recollet*, formerly a monastery of the Recollets. It is a fine large stone building, with an open ground along the whole front, containing about five hundred patients. In this neighbourhood is also the large hospital of *St. Louis*, which is now said to be restricted to diseases of an eruptive nature; I was told that it contained at present about twelve hundred patients. The lower bedrooms were vaulted and white-washed, and contained three rows of beds each, without curtains, and open to a thorough air. A pretty large church is attached to it. The patients, who were walking about, had a dirty appearance. *Val de Grace*, another hospital, was formerly a nursery—a fine building, and one of the ornamental objects in a view of Paris. There are in front of several houses in Paris, inscriptions of *Bureau de Beneficence*, which evidently allude to a charitable institution, the nature of which I have not yet had explained to me. In one of the churches here you may still see a board, on which is inscribed a decree of the *Emperor* of the year 1805, whereby the churchwardens are authorized to make a collection for the poor, at eleven o'clock at high mass on Sundays only.

I have already had many political disputes with French politicians, and should have had more, if a long suspension of practice had not deprived me of that

facility of speaking French, without which such controversies cannot be carried on with proper spirit. In a company where a portrait of Blücher was exhibited, a Frenchman exclaimed: "That man has done us a deal of mischief!"—"But consider, Sir, what misery the French had before inflicted on the Prussians!"—"Mais!" replied the Frenchman, "*apres avoir eu tant de tems a y reflechir!*"

An old duchess observed: "We are told that the English and Prussians believe in the Gospel, (*l'Evangile*), which commands us to forgive our enemies."

"Ah, Madam! the French armies have published such a new version of this sacred text, by their cannon and bayonets in other countries, that it were not to be wondered at if the inhabitants of those countries should in some degree be infected by it."—"These are evasions," said the duchess: respect forbade any further reply.

"Your English ministers," observed another Frenchman, "ought to erect on the highest mountain in Scotland a temple to the God of Frost and Snow, to whom they are indebted for their success more than to their own abilities."—"Non nobis Domine! ought certainly to be sung with a most cordial feeling and conviction on the present occasion by the successful Allies; who, however great the merit of their exertions to profit by the favourable crisis, will no doubt ascribe all their success to the great Author of Nature, who alone could produce this crisis; and if the French, on their side, would seek in the justice of that same Being the cause of their overthrow, it would perhaps form the best basis of a cordial union among all the parties.—Some future historian will perhaps discover and trace a resemblance in the features of the present times to those of the Reformation. At that period religious interests had, as political interests at the present day, long fermented in the minds of men, producing a crisis by which, as the physical body is affected by a fever, so the body politic becomes violently convulsed.

Concluded page 451.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. B. FRANKLIN,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS, BY HIS GRANDSON, WM. TEMPLE FRANKLIN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IN turning over the volume of the *Correspondence of Dr. Franklin*, just published by the grandson of that eminent man, I was particularly struck with a letter on the subject of the American Order of Cincinnati, in which, with much force and ingenuity, he argues the absurdity of hereditary honorary distinctions. I inclose a transcript of it, confident that its insertion in your pages will gratify such of your readers as are not yet in possession of the volume from which it is extracted. N.

Heralds' College, Jan. 5, 1817.

TO MRS. BACHE.*

Passy, January 26, 1784.

My dear Child,

YOUR care in sending me the newspapers is very agreeable to me. I received by Captain Barney those relating to the Cincinnati. My opinion of the institution cannot be of much importance; I only wonder that when the united wisdom of our nation had, in the articles of confederation, manifested their dislike of establishing ranks of nobility, by authority either of the congress or of any particular state, a number of private persons should think proper to distinguish themselves and their posterity, from their fellow-citizens, and form an order of *hereditary knights*, in direct opposition to the solemnly declared sense of their country. I imagine it must be likewise contrary to the good sense of most of those drawn into it, by the persuasion of its projectors, who have been too much struck with the ribbands and crosses they have seen hanging on the button-holes of foreign officers. And I suppose those who disapprove of it have not hitherto given it much opposition, from a principle somewhat like that of your good mother, relating to punctilious persons who are always exacting little observances of respect, that "*if people can be pleased with small matters, it is a pity but they should have them.*" In this view, perhaps, I should not myself, if

* Dr. Franklin's only daughter, married to a merchant in Philadelphia.

my advice had been asked, have objected to their wearing their ribband and badge themselves, according to their fancy, though I certainly should to the entailing it as an honour on their posterity. For, honour worthily obtained (as that for example of our officers) is in its nature a *personal* thing, and incommunicable to any but those who had some share in obtaining it. Thus among the Chinese, the most ancient, and from long experience the wisest of nations, honour does not *descend*, but *ascends*. If a man from his learning, his wisdom, or his valour, is promoted by the emperor to the rank of mandarin, his parents are immediately entitled to all the same ceremonies of respect from the people, that are established as due to the mandarin himself; on the supposition that it must have been owing to the education, instruction, and good example afforded him by his parents that he was rendered capable of serving the public. This *ascending* honour is therefore useful to the state, as it encourages parents to give their children a good and virtuous education. But the *descending honour*, to a posterity who could have no share in obtaining it, is not only groundless and absurd, but often hurtful to that posterity, since it is apt to make them proud, disdaining to be employed in the useful arts, and thence falling into poverty, and all the meanness, servility, and wretchedness attending it; which is the present case with much of what is called the *noblesse* in Europe. Or if, to keep up the dignity of the family, estates are entailed entire on the eldest male heir, another pest to industry and improvement of the country is introduced, which will be followed by all the odious mixture of pride and beggary and idleness that have half depopulated and decultivated Spain; occasioning continual extinction of families by the discouragements of marriage, and neglect in the improvement of estates. I wish, therefore, that the Cincinnati, if they must go on with their project, would direct the badges of their order to be worn by their fathers and mothers, instead of handing them down to their children. It would be a

good precedent, and might have good effects. It would also be a kind of obedience to the fourth commandment, in which God enjoins us to honour our father and mother, but has no where directed us to honour our children. And certainly no mode of honouring those immediate authors of our being can be more effectual than that of doing praiseworthy actions which reflect honour on those who gave us our education; or more becoming than that of manifesting by some public expression or token, that it is to their instruction and example we ascribe the merit of those actions.

But the absurdity of *descending honours* is not a mere matter of philosophical opinion, it is capable of mathematical demonstration. A man's son, for instance, is but half of *his* family, the other half belonging to the family of his wife. His son, too, marrying into another family, his share in the grandson is but a fourth; in the great-grandson by the same process it is but an eighth. In the next generation a sixteenth, the next a thirty-second, the next a sixty-fourth, the next a hundred and twenty-eighth, the next a two hundred and fifty-sixth, and the next a five hundred and twelfth: thus in nine generations, which will not require more than 300 years, (no very great antiquity for a family,) our present Chevalier of the Order of Cincinnatus's share in the then existing knight will be but a 512th part; which, allowing the present certain fidelity of American wives to be insured down through all those nine generations, is so small a consideration, that methinks no reasonable man would hazard for the sake of it, the disagreeable consequences of the jealousy, envy, and ill-will of his countrymen.

Let us go back with our calculation from this young noble, the 512th part of the present knight, through his nine generations, till we return to the year of the institution. He must have had a father and a mother, they are two; each of them had a father and a mother, they are four. Those of the next preceding generation will be eight, the next sixteen, the next thirty-two, the next sixty-four, the next one hundred and twenty-eight, the next two hundred and fifty-six, and the ninth in this retrocession five hun-

dred and twelve, who must be now existing, and all contribute their portion of this future *Chevalier de Cincinnatus*. These, with the rest, make together as follows:

2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512,

Total, 1022.

One thousand and twenty-two men and women, contributors to the formation of one knight. And if we are to have a thousand of these future knights, there must be now and hereafter existing one million and twenty-two thousand fathers and mothers, who are to contribute to their production, unless a part of the number are employed in making more knights than one. Let us strike off then the 22,000 on the supposition of this double employ, and then consider whether after a reasonable estimation of the number of rogues and fools and scoundrels and prostitutes that are mixed with, and help to make up necessarily their million of predecessors, posterity will have much reason to boast of the noble blood of the then existing set of Chevaliers of Cincinnatus. The future genealogists too of these Chevaliers, in proving the lineal descent of their honour through so many generations, (even supposing honour capable in its nature of descending) will only prove the small share of this honour which can be justly claimed by any one of them, since the above simple process in arithmetic makes it quite plain and clear, that in proportion as the antiquity of the family shall augment, the right to the honour of the ancestor will diminish; and a few generations more would reduce it to something so small as to be very near an absolute nullity. I hope, therefore, that the Order will drop this part of their project, and content themselves as the Knights of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, St. Louis, and other Orders of Europe do, with a life enjoyment of their little badge and ribband, and let the distinction die with those who have merited it. This, I imagine, will give no offence. For my own part, I shall think it a convenience when I go into a company where there may be faces unknown to me, if I discover, by this badge, the persons who merit some particular expression of my respect; and it will save modest virtue

the trouble of calling for our regard, by awkward round-about intimations of having been heretofore employed as officers in the continental service.

The gentleman who made the voyage to France to provide the ribbands and medals has executed his commission. To me they seem tolerably done; but all such things are criticised. Some find fault with the Latin, as wanting classical elegance and correctness; and since our nine universities were not able to furnish better Latin, it was pity, they say, that the mottos had not been in English. Others object to the title, as not properly assumable by any but General Washington, and a few others, who served without pay. Others object to the bald eagle, as looking too much like a *dindon*, or turkey. For my own part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character—he does not get his living honestly: you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward: the little *king-bird* not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *king birds* from our country: tho' exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. I am on this account not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is, in comparison, a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours; the first of the species seen in Europe being brought to France by the Jesuits from Canada, and served up at the wedding-table of Charles the Ninth. He is besides

(though a little vain and silly 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a red coat on.

I shall not enter into the criticisms made upon their Latin. The gallant officers of America may not have the merit of being great scholars, but they undoubtedly deserve much as brave soldiers from their country, which should therefore not leave them merely to *fame* for their *virtutis premium*, which is one of their Latin mottos. Their *esto perpetua*, another, is an excellent wish, if they meant it for their country; bad, if intended for their order. The states should not only restore to them the *omnia* of their first motto,* which many of them have left and lost, but pay them justly and reward them generously. They should not be suffered to remain with all their new-created chivalry *entirely* in the situation of the gentleman in the story, which their *omnia reliquit* reminds me of. You know every thing makes me recollect some story. He had built a very fine house, and thereby much impaired his fortune. He had a pride however in shewing it to his acquaintance. One of them, after viewing it all, remarked a motto over the door, *ŌIA VANITAS*. What, says he, is the meaning of this *ŌIA*? 'tis a word I don't understand. I will tell you, said the gentleman: I had a mind to have the motto cut on a piece of smooth marble, but there was not room enough for it between the ornament, to be put in characters large enough to be read. I therefore made use of a contraction anciently very common in Latin manuscripts, whereby the *m*'s and *n*'s in words are omitted, and the omission noted by a little dash above, which you may see there, so that the word is *omnia*—*OMNIA VANITAS*. O, said his friend, I now comprehend the meaning of your motto, it relates to your edifice; and signifies, that if you have abridged your *omnia*, you have left your *VANITAS* legible at full length. I am, as ever, your affectionate father,

B. FRANKLIN.

* *Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam.*

To Dr. PRIESTLEY.

Passy, Feb. 8, 1780.

Dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter of September 27th, came to hand but very lately, the bearer having staid long in Holland.

I always rejoice to hear of your being still employed in experimental researches in nature, and of the success you meet with. The rapid progress *true* science now makes, occasions my regretting that I was born so soon: it is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried in a thousand years, the power of man over matter; we may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of their gravity, and give them absolute levity, for the sake of easy transport. Agricul-

ture may diminish its labour and double its produce; all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured, (not excepting even that of old age,) and our lives lengthened at pleasure, even beyond the antediluvian standard. O that moral science were in as fair a way of improvement, that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!

I am glad that my little paper on the Aurora Borealis pleased. If it should occasion further enquiry, and so produce a better hypothesis, it will not be wholly useless.

I am ever, with the greatest and most sincere esteem, dear Sir, &c. B. F.

WELSH MANNERS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

LETTER, WRITTEN DURING A TOUR IN NORTH-WALES, BY MISS HUTTON, OF BENNET'S HILL, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

Barmouth, Aug. 4.

HAVING crossed the two rivers of Mallwyd, we turned the angle of a mountain, and went through Dinas-mowddû, one of the poorest of British towns, though Dinas signifies city. It speaks louder in favour of these Cambrians' propensity to liquor than religion; for they have two public houses of their own, but are contented to go to Mallwyd to church. Our road, for four or five miles, was by the side of the Mowddû, and near the bottom of the mountains, till the one could no longer be discovered, and the others met at their base. Nothing shewed the hand of man, or the least token of his existence, but the road. We here had to climb what the Welsh call a *Bwlch*, which literally means a notch, but is used to denote a gap between two summits. Our road was cut on the side of one of the mountains, and ascended till it reached the pass, by which time it looked down a frightful precipice. The ascent was a mile, and without a fence. It is called *Bwlch Oerddrws*.

As we walked slowly up the mountain we were overtaken by a Welshman on his poney, and a woman on foot, who was fully a match for him and his horse.

It was a comfort to meet with our fellow creatures in so desolate a region, though we could not communicate our ideas to each other. The ideas of the woman, if we might judge by her words, were very copious, for her tongue was never at rest. They accompanied us to Dolgellen, nearly six miles, keeping close to our horses' heels; walking when we walked, and trotting when we trotted; the woman trudging barefooted, always talking, never out of breath or discovering the smallest symptom of fatigue.

The top of *Bwlch Oerddrws* is so tremendous on a stormy day, that horses have been frequently known to turn back, and could scarcely be made to pass it. On the other side the descent was not steep; but the face of the country was changed, and the sheep were become real stones, sprouting out of the scanty herbage. I saw a rill spring up under my feet, at Dolgellen it was navigable, and at Barmouth a sea. This was very fine, but not strictly true, for I have since found that it is joined by another river, both at and after Dolgellen.

Rivers are so numerous in this country that it is not easy to find out their names, or even to be certain whether the bridge one is now passing be over the

same stream one crossed ten minutes ago. If you apply to the common people for information, they do not understand you; and, if you meet with a man that can speak English, it is a thousand to one he does not know. Even at Barmouth they are ignorant of the name of their river. Ask a sailor, and he will tell you it is the Dolgellen river, because it comes to him from Dolgellen. Ask a man more enlightened, and he will say it is the Avon, because that is the general Welsh name for all rivers. You are very fortunate if you find a person who can tell you it is the Maw.

After travelling along barren and rocky moors, we found ourselves at the top of a steep and lofty hill, which overlooked the town of Dolgellen, seated among rich meadows. A town, a fertile plain, a winding river, a handsome bridge, and neat white houses, gave us the idea of a different world; while the mountains that hedged them in, among which was the mighty Cader Ydris, convinced us we were yet in Wales. From this bird's-eye view we had a long descent to Dolgellen.

From Machynlleth to Dolgellen, and from Dolgellen to Barmouth, are reckoned two of the finest rides in North Wales. The latter was our road. I had heard much at Mallwyd of billows foaming at our feet, and impending rocks, threatening immediate destruction, overhead; and I had conceived such a terror at these dangers that I actually formed the wise and prudent project of walking the whole way. On further reflection, however, I thought I might as well not walk till I did not dare to ride.

Having reached the river Maw, a little below Dolgellen, the road accompanies it to its mouth, and is certainly more charming than imagination can picture. It passes by farms, over bridges, and by one beautiful cascade. It deviates from the river, and goes behind rocks and woody hills. It returns to it again, and affords a prospect of the opening sea. The last mile and a half before it reaches Barmouth, the mountain slopes to the water's edge; and the rock was blown up with gunpowder, before the road could be made; this is cut at different heights above the water, with a precipice on the left, and masses and perpendicular walls of rock rising on the right.

A gentleman who is at this place is so delighted with the scenery of Pont-ddu, the waterfall that I mentioned, that he has offered forty years' purchase for the adjoining farm, besides paying for the wood. The rent is £31 a year; but the number of acres is neither known nor guessed at, for here they have no notion of measuring land. It has, here and there, a patch of grass or grain, but not one foot of ground where a house could be placed without a very steep ascent to it. The song does well to celebrate *Our native oak*, for in this country, where much is in a state of nature, every glen is wooded, and almost all wood is oak.

Till the road I have described was formed, which is not twelve years ago, the way from Dolgellen to Barmouth was over the mountains, and the descent to the town a steep zig-zag above the tops of the houses. It may be imagined that no stranger travelled it but from necessity. If by chance a carriage had occasion to approach the place, it was taken to pieces at Dolgellen, and sent down by a boat. The old Welsh roads kept their undeviating line through vales, or over passable hills, as they lay before them. They are sometimes stony, and sometimes present us with a piece of uncovered native rock. The modern roads follow the course of the rivers, to avoid the hill; and are cut on their sides to avoid the floods.

The shore of Barmouth is a fine sand, from which the sea retires about two hundred yards at low water. A mountain completely fills the angles between the river and the sea, which, as I mentioned before, has been cut to make a passage to the town. Having turned this angle, a slip of land along the shore affords room for a street. This is the grand thoroughfare of Barmouth. The remainder of Barmouth consists of eight rows of houses, one over the other, on the side of the mountain, which are inhabited by the aborigines of the country. In general one man's chimney is on a level with his neighbour's floor, so all have an opportunity of inhaling the smoke for nothing. When a visitor arrived at Barmouth by the old road, he might call in upon his friends, from one perch to another, till he dropped down on those upon the shore.

Above all the houses of Barmouth a fine spring issues from the rock, which supplies this curious city with water, and where the bare-legged ladies wash their woollens and potatoes. To carry their clothes to the water rather than the water to their clothes, seems the common practice of the place, for I have seen a spot on the shore, near a rivulet, frequently occupied by these cleansers of woollen with their beating logs, while their caps were stewing in a porridge pot over a fire of sticks. I believe it was so in the days of Homer.

The Cader or Chair of Ydris is a noble mountain, and, like Saddle-back, in Cumberland, receives its name from its shape. I have been puzzled to find out who this gentleman was, who fixed upon the highest seat in this country, though I felt assured his head must have been stronger than mine, or he would have been content with a lower station. My wonder at his choice has ceased, now I have discovered that he was a giant, which the following well known legend puts beyond doubt. He was walking by the pool of Three Grains, at the foot of his chair, when he found himself incommoded by some stones that had crept into his shoe. He took off the shoe and shook them out, and there they remain to this day, three enormous rocks, which have given name to the pool.

At all funerals in North Wales a wooden bowl is placed on the communion-table; and, after the service in the

church is ended, every person present drops money in it; the poorer sort, copper; the richer, shillings, half crowns, even guineas, and sometimes to the number of five. This offering is made from respect to the memory of the deceased, and the greater the sum the greater the respect shewn. But the poor clergyman reaps the benefit; it is his perquisite, and frequently exceeds the rest of his revenue.

After the service at the grave is ended, there is a smaller contribution for the clerk.

In South Wales, when a poor person dies, the neighbours and acquaintance take each a large fluted mould-candle, made on purpose for such occasions, called a burning candle, and, having deposited it in the house, they sit all night by the dead body, and join in singing psalms. This they call *Waking the corpse*, and they continue the practice every night till it is buried. Where the neighbourhood is populous, these midnight wakers fill the house, which indeed seldom consists of more than two rooms. Tea is made for their refreshment.

Throughout the principality the common people constantly see corpse-candles, which are the fore-runners of death. These are large walking candles, that pass by in the night, and these see-ers can tell, by the colour of the flame, and the kind of noise it makes in walking, whether it be man, woman, or child, that is to die.

SKETCHES OF A PEDESTRIAN IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Continued.

OUR little party now proceeded in due order. The guide had received his instructions as to the place of our destination, and we followed at a lingering contemplative pace behind. Having continued for some distance along the beach to the east of Ryde, we turned suddenly to the right and ascended a hill, at the summit of which stands St. John's, the agreeable residence of Edward Simeon, esq. This mansion commands, thro' different vistas, delightful views over the surrounding sea. The home domain is finely embowered, and

the adjoining grounds laid out by Repton, exhibit a pleasing specimen of picturesque garden scenery. The house is plain but commodious, and the neighbourhood is famed for abundance of game. Thus possessing the charms of the country, joined to the convenience of its adjacency to Ryde, it would appear to be a situation of a very desirable nature. For assuredly, man is too social a creature to be contented with entire solitude, and an occasional mixture with the world increases his zest for retirement. Wise men should, therefore, according to the

beautiful simile of Pope, "be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them."

From St. John's our path lay through lanes agreeably shaded, and presenting an undulating course of alternate hill and dale; the view bounded on the one side by Ashey Down with its far-seen sea-mark, a triangular pyramid surveyed by many an anxious eye in the distant ocean. The high ridge of Bembridge Downs confines the sight in another direction; while a fine expanse of richly cultivated country, smiling with woodland, and studded with numerous flocks, stretches between.

On attaining an eminence, the deep indent of Brading Haven, and the ocean in which it terminates, became visible to our sight; and we suddenly reached the little town from which the haven receives its name. Here we resolved to halt and refresh ourselves after the fatigue of our ramble. I have ever been of opinion, with Izaak Walton of famous memory, and honest John Buckle, that a very essential part of a traveller's pleasure consists in the fare he meets with on the road. A day spent in the delights of a pedestrian stroll is certainly concluded very agreeably by comfortable quarters in the evening.

Brading is a small place of a rustic character, consisting of one street. It is, however, a corporate town, governed by two bailiffs, a recorder, and thirteen jurats, and has a considerable market for corn. The church is said to be the oldest in the island, and is a structure of somewhat ample dimensions with a square tower of cliff-stone, surmounted by a spire. From the more elevated parts of the town there is a fine view over the harbour and sea; which should be surveyed at high water, as the haven otherwise deforms the harmony of the prospect. Several attempts have been made to gain this portion of overflowed land from its invader, but without success.

Ascending Brading Hill, the sea opens on the eye, and the inland view stretches over a wide extent of pleasing scenery. Now the road descends into the bosom

of a valley, and then mounts in pleasing variety a lofty eminence. The sun was rapidly sinking in the west, but the day at this lovely season rather assumes a softer and more alluring tint, than yields to the shades of night. Scarcely had the refracted rays of the declining orb ceased to gild the adjacent hills, when the moon floated in tranquil majesty amidst a cloudless sky.

The motionless supineness of the scene was of a most interesting nature, while the surrounding objects, lengthened into a thousand shadowy shapes, imparted a pensive melancholy to the soft whispers of the evening. A sublimer spectacle awaited us, when, ascending a neighbouring eminence, the sparkling bosom of the ocean, skirted by the beautiful bay of Sandown, burst in full majesty on the eye. The effect was at once grand and impressive. But it was a grandeur of the softest and most inviting aspect. Scarcely a breeze disturbed the tranquillity of its waters, which were slightly ruffled by a few fishermen's barks, returning from the fatigues of the day. The happy labourers were singing gaily as they toiled towards the shore—that shore which contained perhaps their only treasures—an expecting wife, and the smiling fruits of their mutual affection. Happy state of contented poverty!—no sighings after wealth, no cravings of ambition, disturb the tranquillity of your well-earned slumbers. The day's toils, and the day's reward, an evening of welcome and of frugal plenty, bound your circumscribed views. Alas! how limited are the widest views of man!

We were charmed with the surrounding scenery, and rashly vowed to proceed no farther that night. On inquiring at the inn we were soon induced to alter our resolution, for we found that the officers on duty at the adjacent fort engrossed the whole accommodation of the place. Without considering it imperative to obtain absolution from our vow, we yielded to necessity and continued our course.

Sandown Bay is one of the finest of those many recesses that adorn this indented coast, extending from Dun-nose on the south-west, to the white cliffs of Culver on the east. The fort here is the most regular fortification on the island,

and is well-manned and placed in a defensive attitude. Here are also considerable barracks. Near these stands Sandown Cottage, once a favourite retreat of that shining star in the political horizon, the late celebrated John Wilkes, esq.

The lovely aspect of the country, silvered over by the mild lustre of the lamp of night, left us little to regret in our compulsory ramble; and we arrived without fatigue at the little village of Shanklin.

We had scarcely contemplated the possibility of a second disappointment in quarters; and advanced with the confidence of expected guests to the Crabb inn, or rather ale-house, the humble resting-place of this secluded hamlet. We were not a little chagrined to find that here also we had been anticipated by more fortunate inmates. What was to be done? It was growing late, and several miles intervened before another house occurred. Even there we might be placed in a similar situation. We preserved, however, our good humour on the occasion, and proposed to rest here awhile and consult on the measure to be adopted. The spirit of good humour and accommodation to circumstances ever begets a correspondent feeling in others. After repeated whispers among the little circle assembled, our kind hostess announced her determination to lodge us in some attainable way.

The night had been chill, and we drew with pleasure towards the lighted faggot that blazed on the hearth and reflected its beams on the honest faces around. We soon discovered the cause of this unusual assemblage at the recluse little inn. The worthy woman, oppressed by age, was about to quit the scene of her active years; and had once more gathered round her the scattered members of her family, to recal the occurrences of past days on the spot where they had happened.

We listened to her little tale of troubles; for Heaven, impartial in its distribution of joys and cares, had sent her share of sorrow even into this remote corner. Widowed in her age, she had also lost her sight; and unable longer to bustle on the stage of life, was about to seek an asylum in the family of one of those amiable daughters who now formed the little circle. Her friends, indeed, she said, advised her to seek relief from medical advice in London. Her daughters expressed astonishment at the vastness of the project, and the good woman confessed that she would be the first of the family who had visited the great metropolis; while a smiling Hebe of a granddaughter seemed rapt in the contemplation of so gigantic a design.

To leave the confines of this her little palace, appeared the deepest wound that fortune had yet inflicted. It was here she had passed her youthful days. Here her children were born. In this house she had trained them to habits of industry and virtue; and from hence she had spread them over the surface of the little island, each with a husband and protector to guide her steps. A tear glistened in the eyes of her family as she related her peculiar griefs.

May thy last glimmer of life shed a peaceful and contented ray, exemplary matron! And may the filial piety that now distinguishes thy amiable daughters, be repaid by the smooth pillow spread for them in their decline of life by the hands of their instructed off-spring! How infinitely preferable is one pure feeling, flowing warm from the heart, one genuine spark of nature to all the refinement of science or the glitter of sentiment.

The temporary couch, spread by the family of the worthy Mrs. Pope, appeared a bed of softest down; for it was formed with smiles of complacency and alacrity, and hallowed by the benedictions of innocence and virtue.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

FORTY-SEVEN clergymen of the Church of England were employed in the Translation of the Bible

in the reign of James I.; thirty-two being appointed in four divisions, for the Old Testament, and fifteen in two divisions, for the New.

For the Pentateuch and to the First Book of Chronicles.

WESTMINSTER, TEN.

Dr. Andrews, Dean of Westminster, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

Dr. Overall, Dean of St. Paul's.

Dr. Saravia.

Dr. Clarke, Fellow of Christ's Coll. Cam.

Dr. Laifield, Fellow of Trinity-coll. C.

Dr. Leigh, Archdeacon of Middlesex.

Mr. Burgley.

Mr. King.

Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Bedwell.

For Chronicles, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Canticles, Ecclesiastes.

CAMBRIDGE, EIGHT.

Mr. Lively.

Mr. Richardson, Fellow of Emanuel-coll.

Mr. Chadderton, Fellow of Christ's-coll.

Mr. Dillingham, Fellow of Christ's-coll.

Mr. Andrews, Master of Jesus-coll.

Mr. Harrison, Vice Master of Trin.-coll.

Mr. Spalding, Fellow of St. John's coll. and Hebrew Professor.

Mr. Bing, Fellow of Peterhouse, and Hebrew Professor.

For the four greater Prophets, the Lamentations, and twelve lesser Prophets.

OXFORD, SEVEN.

Dr. Harding, President of Magdalen-coll.

Dr. Reynolds, President of C. C. C.

Dr. Holland, Rector of Exeter, and King's Professor.

Dr. Kilby, Rector of Lincoln, and Regius Professor.

Mr. Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.

Mr. Brett.

Mr. Fairclowe.

For the Prayer of Manasseh, and the rest of the Apocrypha.

CAMBRIDGE, SEVEN.

Dr. Duport, Master of Jesus-coll.

Dr. Brainthwait, Fellow of Emanuel.

Dr. Radclyffe, Fellow of Trinity-coll.

Mr. Ward, Master of Sidney-coll. and Margaret Professor.

Mr. Downes, Fellow of St. John's, and Greek Professor.

Mr. Boyse, Fellow of St. John's-coll.

Mr. Ward, of King's-coll.

For the four Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and Apocalypse.

OXFORD, EIGHT.

Dr. Ravis, Dean of Ch. Ch. afterwards Bishop of London

Dr. Abbot, Master of University-coll. and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Eedes.

Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Sayill.

Dr. Peryn.

Dr. Ravens.

Mr. Harmer.

For the Epistles of St. Paul, and the Canonical Epistles.

WESTMINSTER, SEVEN.

Dr. Barlowe, Dean of Chester.

Dr. Hytchinson.

Dr. Spencer.

Mr. Fenton.

Mr. Rabbet.

Mr. Sanderson.

Mr. Dakins.

Rules for conducting the Translation.

Every member of each division to take the chapters assigned for the whole

company; and, after having gone through the version or corrections, all the division was to meet, examine their respective performances, and come to a resolution, which part of them should stand.

When any division had finished a book in this manner, they were to transmit it to the rest, to be further considered.

If any of the respective divisions shall doubt or dissent upon the review of the book transmitted, they were to mark the places, and send back the reason of their disagreement. If they happen to differ about the amendments, the dispute was to be referred to a general committee, consisting of the best distinguished persons drawn out of each division. However, the decision was not to be made till they had gone through the work.

When any place is found remarkably obscure, letters were to be directed by authority to the most learned persons in the universities, or country, for their judgment upon the text.

The directors in each company were to be the Deans of Westminster and Chester, and the King's Professors of Hebrew and Greek in each university.

The translations of Tindal, Matthews, Coverdale, Whitechurch, and Geneva, to be used, when they came closer to the original than the Bishops' Bible.

Lastly, Three or four of the most eminent divines, in each of the universities, though not of the number of the translators, were to be assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, to consult with other heads of houses for reviewing the whole translation.—*Mon. Mag.*

PROGNOSTICATORS.

The *Natural History Society* of Zurich has taken occasion of the silly notion which ascribed the cold and rainy weather last summer to the lightning-conductors, and which in two villages of that canton even produced acts of violence against those conductors, to publish some excellent observations on the advantages and disadvantages of that contrivance.—“For upwards of a century, (says this little tract,) meteorologists have been indefatigable in noting down the state of the weather, and seeking the causes of its changes; but still they can predict little more of its future vicissitudes than the

observant husbandman or mariner. A great obstacle to the progress of meteorological science is the absolute want of a survey of the weather of the whole globe. Could we even obtain, which it would be very difficult to do, a complete knowledge of the weather of all Europe, still this is but about the sixtieth part of the whole surface of the earth. How very possible it is that, while we complain of continued rain and deterioration of the climate, other parts of the world may be suffering from drought and heat! How can the ant, whose excursions are confined to the few paces round her abode, form a judgment of what is passing in the whole circumjacent country? It is a fault of the age, and a proof of the yet imperfect state of science that people fancy themselves capable of comprehending and explaining every phenomenon. Should they fail to hit upon the true cause, it matters not—they make one: and owing to the universal thirst of novelty, the most absurd notions, the most fallacious positions advanced by the dabbler in science, who seeks to obtain a cheap reputation in newspapers and periodical works, is caught up with avidity. At one time it is the lightning-conductors, at another the spots on the sun that occasion the unfavourable weather; or we are told about a derangement of the earth's axis, a gradual internal refrigeration of the globe, or the influences of comets; and thus the credulous public is treated with the grossest absurdities, mingled with the most impudent falsehoods, which serve only to confuse, instead of instructing. Censurable as this may be, we must equally condemn on the other hand that avidity with which such stuff is swallowed, and which induces those empirics in science to play such scurvy tricks with the public.—*Panor.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE THREE BLUE BALLS.

The three blue balls affixed to the doors and windows of pawn-brokers, by the vulgar humorously enough said to indicate that it is two to one the things pledged there will never be redeemed, were in reality the arms of a set of mer-

chants, or bankers, from Lombardy, who were the first that publicly lent money upon pledges. They dwelt together in a street, from them named Lombard-street, and which is still famous for money concerns. The appellation of Lombard was formerly considered as synonymous with usurer all over Europe.

THE CHEQUERS.

Nor were the chequers, at this time a common sign for a public house, less expressive; being the representation of a kind of draft board called tables, and showing that the game might be played in the house where the figure was displayed. From the colour of the chequers, which was red, and their similarity to lattice work, it was corruptly called a red lattice, which word is frequently used by ancient writers to signify an ale-house. Falstaff tells Pistol, "yet you will ensconce your *red-lattice* phrases under the shelter of your honour."

THOU ART A DOG IN A DOUBLET.

This phrase is commonly applied to a person who has it in his power to injure another with impunity, by being clothed with power or possessed of property. The allusion is to the ancient practice of boar-hunting, in which the favourite dogs were clothed with doublets of thick buff leather buttoned on the back, and so framed altogether as to protect the animals from the tusks of their formidable enemy; while those that were not so defended stood the chance of having their entrails torn out by every stroke. Some of our best pictures of field sports, painted by Rubens and others, represent part of the pack in this attire.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

It has been erroneously stated, that this saying began in the reign of Charles the First, when two learned judges presided in the courts, whose profound knowledge of the law and consummate integrity, were such as to make it a proverbial observation concerning any difficult cause, that it must be gained by *Hooke* or by *Crooke*. The truth, however, is, that the proverb was in common use as far back as the time of Hen-

ry the eighth, for the *hook* is the peasant's instrument to cut down any thing within his immediate reach, but when that is too elevated, he must have recourse to his *crook*, with which the lofty hough may be brought to his grasp. Thus craft allures, what force cannot conquer.

FOXES TURNED HUNTERS.

The island of Sprogue, in the middle of the Great Belt, which is inhabited by only a single family, and in tempestuous weather is frequently for several days together the retreat of numerous travellers, has been since the last autumn over-run by a particular kind of spotted water-rats, which destroy all vegetation, but never venture into the house, being natural enemies of the common house-rats. In order to exterminate them it is intended to convey fifty foxes and as many cats to the island. In many parts of Fünen similar complaints are made of the increase of martins.—*Pan.*

WEST-INDIA SERPENTS.

Report in a memoir of M. MAREAU DE JONNES, intitled "Monographie du Trigonocéphale des Antilles on Grande Vipere fer de Lance de la Martinique."—The serpent, whose habits and nature M. Jonnes has observed with so much courage, and described with so much care, is a large viper, whose bite is of the most dangerous kind. M. de Jonnes announces, that he has been able to examine several hundred of this species, of which some were nearly eight feet long. He assures us, that these serpents are solely confined to the islands of Martinique, St. Lucie, and Becouia; he believes they have never been seen on the Continent of America. Several authors had observed the two orifices of the nostrils; and Tyson, so far back as 1683, had described them with care. But lately, one of these orifices, that nearest the eye, had been regarded as an exterior auricular organ, analogous to that of some *Sauriens*, as the ophesaure. M. de Jonnes confirms, by his observations, the most exact idea given of them by Tyson. It is known that the species of vertebral animals, which see better by night than by day, or that cannot bear a

strong light, present, in general, a vertical pupil, as is observed in cats, owls, and toads. M. de Jonnes has observed the same disposition in the iris of the *Trigonocephale*, which he describes; but, little conversant with anatomical terms, he ascribes to a winking eye-lid this peculiar disposition of the pupil; but we perceive by the details, that the author knows that all true serpents are deprived of eye-lids—a characteristic which particularly distinguishes this class from that of the *Sauriens*. These serpents, whose agility is very remarkable, have a manner of darting, which M. Jonnes carefully describes; they roll the body in four circles, one upon another, whose circumvolutions incline all at once at the will of the animal, which throws the whole mass forward five or six feet. Another fact, pointed out by M. Jonnes, is, that the *Trigonocephale* can, in the manner of the crested serpents, raise itself vertically on its tail, and thus attain the height of a man; he was on two occasions witness of this action, and he traces the details. He assures us also, that, by means of large scales, laid over each other, with which the belly is covered, this serpent, like the adder, can climb trees, and creep along the branches, in order to reach the bird's nests, whose young he devours, and in which he has often been found coiled up. M. de Jonnes describes the symptoms which generally precede the death of individuals bitten by this serpent; he points out the various remedies used by the negroes; but he remarks, in terminating his Memoir, that the most efficacious means are those employed in Europe to oppose the developement of the hydrophobia, viz. the actual cautery, or the excision of the part bitten as soon as possible.—*Mon.M.*

THE "RED CROSS" OF ENGLAND.

In the time of the crusades, the national standard of England was a *White Cross*, and that of the French the "*Oriflame*," a *Red Cross*; this was lost at the battle of Agincourt; and the English sovereigns, afterwards, pretending a right to the kingdom of France, assumed the *Red Cross of France*. Charles VII. then dauphin, being made acquainted

with this fact, changed the ensigns of his nation to a *White Cross* ; and, the more distinctly to mark that, he willed, that, hereafter, to be considered as the national colour ; he himself used an ensign entirely white, which he called a *cornette*, and gave it as an ensign to the first company of gendarmerie that he raised, and it has ever since borne the name of *la Cornette blanche*.—*Ib.*

PINDAR.

Pindar has been over-praised ; he may dazzle by compound epithets, but he is not a maker of good odes. His poems want cohesion, wholeness, drift. He shoots his arrows, indeed,

High as a human arm may hope
To hurl the glittering shaft of praise,

but never at the mark : the bow has force, but the archer wants skill. To pretend to aim at a given object, and always to urge the dart in a different direction, exhibits a cross-eyed effort, which criticism should blush to admire.

Probably Pindar began his career as a hymn-writer ; and, having composed and gotten by heart certain choral songs, adapted for the usual solemnities of the more popular temples, he and his choir were also invited to sing at the triumphal festivals of the wrestlers. The victor, might choose the hymn of his favourite god, and bespeak according to his liking any one of Pindar's stock-songs ; but there was no time to alter the words, the tune, or the dance. The ode must be performed without delay, and could at most be new-capped with an introductory line or two about the patron of the feast. Chance preserves to us no matter which of these versatile rhythmical superscriptions. Many choruses of the Greek plays could easily be accommodated to a boxer's dinner ; and this was no doubt the usual resource of the *oschestra* which was hired for the occasion.—*Ibid.*

To the Editor of the Panorama.

SIR,—As large quantities of Potatoes are frequently frosted, it may prevent ignorance from throwing them away, if you will remind your readers, that, if soaked three hours in cold water, before they are to be prepared as food, changing the

water every hour, these valuable roots will recover their salubrious qualities and flavour.—While in the cold water, they must stand where a sufficiency of artificial heat may prevent freezing. If much-frozen before laid in cold water, to each peck of Potatoes take a quarter of an ounce of saltpetre, dissolved in water, which is to be mixed with the water which boils the Potatoes. If the Potatoes are so frozen as to be quite unfit for nourishment to men or animals, they will make starch, and yield more flour than if unfermented by the icy power.—That flour, with an equal quantity of wheat flour, some butter, sugar, a little barm, and a few currants, makes excellent tea bread. If formed into small cakes, and put into a slow oven, will keep a month. Z.

From the Monthly Magazine.

CIRCUMSTANCES relative to TWO ELEPHANTS, brought a few years since to PARIS.

The morning after their arrival these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first conducted to it was the male, who issued from his cage with precaution, and seemed to enter his apartment with a degree of suspicion. His first care was to reconnoitre the place. He examined each bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity by shaking them. Care had been taken to place on the outside the large screws by which they are held together. These he sought out, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he arrived at the portcullis, which separates the two apartments, he observed that it was fixed only by an iron bar. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he received his breakfast. He ate it quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy.

During this time people were endeavouring to make the female enter. We still recollect the mutual attachment of these two animals, and with what difficulty they were parted, and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure they had not seen each other ; not even at Cambray, where they passed

the winter. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. The male never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaned against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for his female, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise, or the smallest alarm, he sent forth a cry to give notice to his companion.

The joy which they experienced on seeing each other after so long a separation may be readily imagined.

When the female entered, she sent forth a cry expressive only of the pleasure which she felt on finding herself at liberty. She did not at first observe the male, who was busy feeding in the second apartment. The latter also did not immediately discover that his companion was so near him; but, the keeper having called him, he turned round, and immediately the two animals rushed towards each other, and sent forth cries of joy so animated and loud that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such violence that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind. The joy of the female was the most lively: she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over the body of the male with the utmost tenderness. She, in particular, applied it to his ear, where she kept it a long time, and, after having drawn it over the whole body of the male, would often move it affectionately towards her own mouth. The male did the same thing over the body of the female, but his joy was more concentrated. He seemed to express it by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance.

EDUCATION.

The Romans usually selected from amongst their slaves the preceptor of their children. For a long time great attention was paid to education; but neglect follows close on the heels of luxury. Their studies were neglected or debased, because they did not lead to the first offices in the state. They valued a tutor at a less price than a slave; the beautiful expression of a philosopher on this point deserves to be recorded. He demanded one thousand drachms for the instruction of a young man. "It

is too much (replied the father,) it would not cost me more to buy a slave." "You are right, sir; and by that means you will have two slaves for your money—your son, and the one you purchase."

A parent is extremely fortunate when he finds a preceptor, at once the friend of virtue and the Muses, willing to undertake the charge of a child's education, and feeling all the sentiments of a tender father; nothing is more rare than a master of this description. There are, undoubtedly, persons in the world who would be excellent preceptors; but, being sensible men, and knowing the value of liberty, they cannot bring themselves to sacrifice it without a consideration sufficient to tempt them, viz. a little fortune and much respect. Generally they neither find the one nor the other; their profession is held in contempt; but, we may ask, is that contempt well founded? What! because infancy is a state of weakness, ought the care of developing and perfecting its powers be regarded as a low and disgraceful employment? Let us throw the mantle of ridicule over the profession of a schoolmaster as we may, it is not the less certain, that the greater part of governments would not stand in need of so many laws to reform mankind, if they had taken the precaution of forming the manners of children in paying more attention to their education.

LEVIATHAN.

Job is considered as a most ancient book, and to have been written in Hebrew even before the time of Moses, as the religious knowledge of himself (Job) and his friends was in general such as might have been derived from the early patriarchs. Some writers are of opinion that Moses himself was the author; and others among whom is a learned and distinguished divine,* that he was not the writer of Job, as there is a material difference in its style, and that of the Pentateuch: however, this is not of any consequence with respect to the point in question; for what we wish to shew, is, that Leviathan is the same as the crocodile. The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and abounds in sublime images. A writer of our own says,

* Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln.

that every line of it delineates the attribute; every sentence opens a picture of some grand object in creation, characterized by its most striking features. Thus the description of Leviathan may be nearer the truth than is at first view imagined, and from the following expressions we think it to be the crocodile:—

“Out of his nostrils goeth smoke.”—

“A flame goeth out of his mouth.”—

“His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.”—See *Job, chap. 41.*

Naturalists say, that the crocodile, being long under water, is during that time obliged to hold its breath: this, when it emerges, having been long repressed, is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him:—

“Collectumque premens volvit sub maribus ignem.”

“His eyes are as the eye-lids of the morning,” gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man; and it is more than probable, that the Egyptians took their hieroglyphic for the morning from this very passage.

If Moses, as some think, was the author, it is not to be wondered at that he, as an Egyptian, should have celebrated these two inhabitants of the Nile, the river horse (Behemoth), and Leviathan (Crocodile), and from their daily ravages around him, have given such a description as we find handed down to us in the book of Job. Dr. Shaw was also of opinion, that Leviathan was a crocodile, from the closeness of its skin; and it is considered as such in Calmet's Dictionary.

J. MACKINNON.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES STANHOPE, EARL STANHOPE.

DIED at Chevening, Kent, Dec. 15, 1816, in his 64th year, CHARLES STANHOPE, Earl Stanhope. His death is justly considered a public loss. He had indeed eccentricities in public, and peculiarities in private life; but his claim on public gratitude on the score of services are, perhaps, as rare, as those powers of intellect with which he was unquestionably endowed. He uniformly zealously promoted the extension of human knowledge by devoting a large proportion of his ample fortune, and a yet larger portion of his time and thoughts, to experiments in Science and Philosophy. If his objects in public were sometimes impracticable, they were neither sordid nor selfish.

The great and useful national work, for which he was peculiarly qualified, and to which he had for a long time applied the most earnest attention, was, a Digest of all the Statutes—a work of such stupendous labour, as well as information, that few persons can be expected to set about it with vigour, unless, like Lord Stanhope, they had acquired a sort

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of parental fondness for the subject, by brooding over it for years. The various mechanic inventions and improvements which he brought forth or countenanced, have justly raised his name as a man of genius and a patriot; he not only cultivated the amelioration of the useful arts, Architecture, Navigation, & Printing, but suggested improvements in the more refined and elegant science of Music.

Among his last parliamentary labours, in the House of Lords, May 24th, 1816, Earl STANHOPE rose on the order of the day for his motion respecting weights and measures. The question he had to propose was, whether their Lordships thought it right to have scientific persons to deliberate on the best means of establishing a true standard for weights and measures. “If any plan of mine is adopted,” said Lord Stanhope, “it shall be of this description—it shall be a plan founded on nature, for I deprecate any other. I cannot be satisfied if the standard yard of the country is to be 108 barley corns in length; neither can I approve of admeasurement by the acorn or horse ches-

nut. If you were to adopt any standard so ridiculous, would you not justly excite the laughter of all nations? What would foreigners say to a barley corn standard, for a nation famous for mathematicians; the country of Newton, Hutton, Simpson, Napier, and M'Claurin"? He was desirous of avoiding the inconvenience of adopting a standard suddenly. He would introduce it in the way the new style had been brought in. When the endeavour was first made to introduce the new style, and assimilate this country with others, there was no objection but one:—Several persons took it into their heads that Parliament had robbed the nation of eleven days, to make a present of the same to the Hanoverians. The present new style had been generally adopted, but it was not generally used. The Noble Earl knew a place in England, where the old style was used at the present time. In order to bring weights and measures to a proper standard, he should propose an address to the Crown, to appoint proper persons, lawyers, and others, to consider the subject. They ought to be persons belonging to Parliament; and, in order to insure a proper communication between the Commission and Government, there should be at least three members from each House. Out of respect to the country, Scotch and Irish Peers should form a part. Among the Irish Representatives, there was one whom he considered the most proper in the kingdom to be in the commission, the Earl of Ross. Among the sixteen Peers, he selected the Earl of Aberdeen. There was one whom he should also choose as the first mathematician in Europe, Dr. Hutton. A person in the Royal Society, Dr. Wollaston, he should require, because that learned person entertained a difference of opinion on certain points, which would lead to enquiry, and produce the truth. Earl Stanhope then named, in addition to the above distinguished persons, Dr. Gregory, Colonel Mudge, of the Royal College of Woolwich, Dr. Vince, of Cambridge, Professor Playfair, and others. He concluded by moving, "That an humble Address be presented to the Prince Regent, requesting his Royal Highness would be pleased to appoint a commission of scientific per-

sons, for the purpose of considering how far it may be advisable to establish, with his Majesty's direction, a more uniform system of weights and measures." The Earl of Liverpool said, "the measure recommended was one of science, but he considered there was a variety of practical information necessary, therefore the commission should not only consist of men of science, but a number of persons with practical knowledge, persons learned in law, and others." The motion was agreed to, *nem. dis.*

His Lordship was born Aug. 3, 1753; and received his education at Geneva, which gave, it is supposed, its tincture to his politics; succeeded his father Philip, the late Earl, March 7, 1786; and married in Dec. 1774, Hester Pitt, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Chatham, sister of the present Earl and of the late Right Hon. William Pitt. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1791, Louisa, only daughter of Henry Grenville, Esq. late Governor of Barbadoes, by whom he had issue Philip-Henry Viscount Mahon, now Earl Stanhope, and two other sons.

EDMUND KEAN,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

MR. KEAN was born in 1789. His father was an architect, and a man of considerable talent; he was distinguished in the debating clubs of that day, as an elegant speaker and sound reasoner. His mother was a daughter of the well known George Saville Carey. Mr. Kean had the benefit of instruction at Eton, and continued there, we understand, more than three years.

Family circumstances, however, rendered him familiar with the stage from his earliest life. He made his debut at the very tender age of three years, as a Sleeping Cupid in Cymon; whether the plaudits he received in this character fired his youthful soul, we cannot say; but when he arrived at the maturer age of six, we find him acting a more important part, that of one of Falstaff's pages, at Drury-lane. He was remarked at this time by the Performers to be a child of uncommon abilities; and, influenced, perhaps, by the specimens of mimicry which he had observed in his uncle (the famous Moses Kean, so well

known as a Ventriloquist), he was in the habit of delivering various speeches from Richard, Lear, &c. in the manner of the most admired actors.

It was after this that he was placed at that seminary to which we have alluded; but while still a youth, in fact a mere boy, he returned to the stage, and performed in many subordinate parts at the Haymarket. He now adopted the profession of an Actor, and accepted of various provincial engagements; and, having become a member of a company that went to Exeter, Teignmouth, Dorchester, &c. his abilities became exposed to the observation of good judges, excited interest, and attracted attention. Soon after the present Drury-lane Theatre was opened, Mr. Kean addressed the committee, requesting an engagement, but was informed the establishment was filled up. He was thus for the time disappointed in his wish to tread the London Boards in a more exalted walk than he had before occupied. Still, however, he went on increasing the admiration, and adding to the number of his friends; and, at length, Dr. Drury, of Teignmouth, addressed Pascoe Grenfell, E.-q. M.P. stating that his great merits were in a manner lost for want of a fit opportunity to shew themselves, and urging him to contribute his assistance in the laudable effort of removing them to a larger sphere of action. Mr. Grenfell spoke to Mr. Whitbread, and such interest soon accomplished what the unsupported solicitations of Mr. Kean himself failed to effect.

Mr. Kean's first attempt, in consequence of his engagement at Drury Lane, was, the part of Shylock. He gave great satisfaction to the few who saw him. His merits, however, became more and more buzzed about; and his first performance of Richard the Third was to a full house, and drew forth applause as unusual as the talents that excited it. We shall merely observe, that his scene with Lady Anne, and his dying scene, were deemed prodigies of excellence. It was this night which crowned his wishes, and redeemed the Theatre in which he performed from the ruin that threatened it. The Committee, fully sensible of the treasure they had gained, cancelled their original

agreement with him, and concluded one for five years, at a salary for the first year of sixteen pounds per week, to be increased for the second to eighteen pounds, and for the three last years to twenty pounds per week, with a benefit each season. They further made him a present of a hundred guineas. They have no reason to regret their liberality (which certainly does them credit), for their house fills on the night of Mr. Kean's performing in a manner unparalleled in the former history of either house. The present Drury Lane Theatre was built to hold about six hundred and thirty pounds, but Mr. Kean usually returns nearly seven hundred into the treasury.

Mr. Kean was married at an early age to a young lady from Ireland, who is now living to enjoy her husband's fame and prosperity: they have had two children, one of whom died at an early age. Mr. Kean's person is very small, considerably under the middle height, his voice not prepossessing; yet with these disadvantages did he give a high interest to his performance, and excite those emotions which we ever feel at the presence of genius; that is, the union of good powers with fine sensibility: it was this gave fire to his eye, energy to his tones, and such a variety to all his gestures, that one might almost say, "his body thought." An eminent theatrical critic observes, that the Shylock of Mr. Kean has not the vehement force of Mr. Cooke; yet, as a whole, it was little inferior, and in one or two passages the debutant struck out beauties perfectly original. Mr. Kean did not possess the same boldness of sketch, but he gave some touches that declared the master artist. In the scene where the pretended judge asks to look at the bond, we could not but admire the eagerness with which Mr. Kean perused the face of the supposed lawyer; while he read over the instrument, his eye fairly reeled with joy. His conception of the speech,

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?"

was new and excellent. He delivered the passage in a tone and humour bordering on the ludicrous: it was the bitter-ironical joke of a man sure of his darling purpose, and, as he thought, just

about to triumph in his iniquity. The next touch was even better—Portia tells Shylock to procure a surgeon for Antonio ; Shylock asks if it is so expressed in the bond ; Portia allows that it is not, but advises him to do it for charity ; Shylock looks at the bond, and answers,

“ I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond ; ”

which he delivered with a transported chuckle, different from Mr. Cooke and other performers, who always uttered it with a savage sneer ; his inmost heart seemed to laugh, that no obstacle now remained to the completion of his murderous purpose. This was a fine touch of nature.

The full force of Shakspeare's mind seems to have been portrayed by Mr. Kean in the character of Richard ; indeed, we should think that none but a man of kindred intellect could give an adequate image of such a model : this, however, Mr. Kean has done : he had not been on the stage two minutes, nor repeated half a dozen lines, before there was an universal feeling, that no common being had come forward to challenge our attention ; there was no mock heroic in his acting : his death scene was the grandest conception, and executed in the most impressive manner ; he fights desperately, he is disarmed, exhausted of all bodily strength, he disdains to fall, and his strong volition keeps him standing ; he fixes his head, full of intellectual and heroic power, directly on his enemy ; he bears up his chest with an expansion which seems swelling with more than human spirit ; but he is only man, and he falls, after this sublime effort, senseless to the ground.

He played the part of Hamlet to the understanding, and not to the eye : he never forgot that he was personating a philosophic prince, so immersed in the depth of melancholy reflections as to become indifferent to all earthly matters, except his revenge, and at last to be careless even about that.

He came on the stage with slow steps, and a fixed sorrow on his countenance ; and repeated the famous soliloquy on death in a tone of pathos that touched every heart. He looks about for reasons to justify the execution of his wish for suicide ; and, in the eloquence of an

abundant sorrow, soon shews ample cause ; but the power of his intellect is too great to be subdued by passions, and he sets in array all those arguments which withheld the wretch from dying : still, however, clinging to the miserable side of the subject, with a tenacity which marks both the intensity of his grief, and his severe regret that he must not touch the forbidden land : in this state of mind he turns round and sees Ophelia ; he is surprised and vexed that he has been overheard ; but his thoughts are too much elevated for bitterness or paltry pique, and he addresses her as so pure a being ought to be addressed. Mr. Kean treated her with mournful gravity, and not with noisy railing ; and, at the end, as he was leaving her, afraid that even this treatment had been unkind, he returned to her with all the humility of a man who thinks he has offended a virtuous being, and kisses her hand ; at once to re-assure her, and to vindicate himself. This noble touch was applauded to the very echo. The scene with his mother was managed with equal talent ; we, therefore, will undertake to promise him, that his fame shall last as long as the heart of man shall beat in response to the appeal of nature.

There is a coarseness in his voice, on some occasions, that is unfavourable to him, because he is forced to labour against it ; and his exertions, thus forced, produce a sententiousness and formality, from which, at other times, he is altogether free.

His success at Drury-lane, we are told, has been such as to induce the managers to double his salary, besides having presented him with 100*l*. The attraction of Mr. Kean at Drury-lane has set the Covent-garden managers on the alert. Mr. Young has been started against Mr. Kean in the characters of *Richard*,* and *Hamlet* ; and the public are likely to derive much pleasure from the spirit of competition that has been aroused.

* At both theatres an improvement has been made in the Tent-scene ; instead of the old and bad custom of introducing the ghosts of Henry, Lady Anne, and the children, to Richard, through the noisy traps, is now substituted their appearance through a far more imposing medium ; they are discovered in a kind of blue mist, which gives them a truly supernatural appearance. The managers are entitled to much praise for the good effect produced by this alteration.

POETRY.

From the European Magazine.

HOHENELM.

[By the author of *Legends of Lampidesa*.]

A WAKE! the dim watch-fires are
quench'd, and we go
To win a proud grave from the conquering
foe!

But 'tis not the day-star which gleams thro'
the gloom,
A glimmering hand beckons on to my doom;
Boy, fill the rich bowl! let its nectar refine
The last bitter drop of the life I resign!
Think oft, while the death-volley rolls on the
blast,
The toils and the pangs of thy master are past!
One cap to the land of our fathers is due,
One draught to the hearts that are tender and
true!

To her who at twilight still lingers unseen,
And seeks the last print of thy feet on the
green!

Fill, boy, fill it high!--let thy heart's glow
exhale [vale:
Thy tears, as the sun drinks the dew from our
The gale of cold honor our laurel may wave,
But only love's dew keeps it green on the
grave!

* * * * *

The Black Hussar has turn'd his steed
Thro' Plaven's ruin'd dale,
Where famish'd wolves and vultures feed,
And court the poison'd gale:
Where'er the battle-shout was heard,
His steed that sable warrior spurr'd:
Now while the moon looks pale,
His fetlocks deep in curdled blood
He laves in Plaven's silent flood.

Beside that war-steed's bending neck
A fairy-form of beauty stands---
It seems as if the river-queen
Had shap'd an elf of courtly mien
And dipp'd in balm her dewy hands,
The coral of his lips to deck,
Or robb'd her fairest coronet
Its pearls between those lips to set,
Or woven in her amber loom,
Soft locks to mock the gold-bird's plume,
And from a river lily's bell
Lent whiteness in his brow to dwell;
Then sent him to her bow'rs to lead
Sir Conrade and his gallant steed.

"Now, good Sir Conrade, heed me well!
Tempt not the forest wolf to-night,
Nor tread alone this ruin'd dell:

Yon flash is from the watch-fire's light,
Which guides the robber to his cell!"

"Art thou, my boy, a soldier's page,
And shrinks thy heart from midnight spell?
O leave to cold and coward Age

The tales which cloister'd dotards tell!
My arm is firm, my sword is just,
No other omen claims my trust!"

"Yet hear me, noble Conrade, now!
Beneath yon hollow mountain's brow
A meagre sybil sits alone,

And mutters to the scowling skies;
She well might seem a form of stone,
But that a strange and speechless moan
Seems from her yellow lips to rise:

Ere to the tents of gallant men
Thy bounty led me from this glen,
That meagre sybil's warning tone
Well to my infant ear was known:
O tread not near yon baleful cell!
Thou hear'st her wand'ring goblins yell!"

"Cheer, cheer thy heart, my gentle boy!
'Tis but the shout of gypsy-joy:
Yon watchfire shews the vagrant crew,
Whose chiefs the wanton elk pursue!
From Saxon fields and cities chas'd,
Rich Temeswara's grape they taste;
And oft the Vaivod's fur-clad dame,
Soft-smiling thro' her azure veil,
In whispers tells some cherish'd name,
And fondly hears their mystic tale.
Now round the bowl, with fearless glee,
They sing of love and liberty."

Back starts his steed---the spur is vain---
Where is the page that held his rein?
Beneath this cavern'd valley's shade,
Have shiver'd rocks his feet betray'd?
These dizzy steeps and caverns grim
Ask keener eye and firmer limb;---
O'er bush and crag the warrior springs,---
With shouts the hollow mountain rings.
Who lurks within yon silent lair?
No beauteous boy is shelter'd there!
A meagre, wan, and shapeless hag
Smiles grimly thro' the clefted crag.
The prophetess of Elba's realm,
The far-fam'd Witch of Hohenelm!

"Listen and speak, thou hoary dame!
If here, as Saxon tales relate,
Thy gifted eye can look on fate,
Thou know'st my birthright and my name:
And thou may'st tell what vengeful pow'r
Shall crush thee in this hated hour
If charter'd plunderers annoy
My gentle page, my orphan-boy!"

Thrice, mutt'ring low, the hoary dame
Cower'd scowling o'er her dusky flame,
Thrice wav'd her staff with mystic clang,
And thus in hollow discord sang,
"The Vaivod sat in the lonely dell,
And saw the sabbath which none must tell:
He knelt unseen by St. Monan's cross,
While the night dew hung on its wither'd
moss,
Till once in the hour of darkness there
The witch of the mountain heard his pray'r.

"Thou shalt build a dome on southern land,
Where olives bloom by the sea-gale fann'd:
But none must the light of thy hearth behold,
Nor wandering guest thy gates unfold,
Till thy bride proves pure as the mountain-
stream,
The forest-dove, and the mild moon's beam!"

The moss on the Vaivod's porch grew green,
The light of his hearth was never seen;
He heard no sound but the water's fall,
No guest but the ghosts of his mould'ring hall;
Yet his bride seem'd pure as the bud that
blows

In a sunbright cleft among Alpine snow.

The beam of her azure eye was meek,
The dimple dwelt in her fading cheek;

But his frown was dark on her beauty's pride
As the corsair's prow on the sparkling tide ;
For thrice in the chapel's shadowy aisle
The witch spoke low with an elf-queen's smile.

"Once thou may'st look on yon blasted thorn,
Thrice and once on the star of morn ;
Five times call on the spirits that dwell
On the holy brink of St. Monan's well ;
Then shall the mirror of ocean shew
If she thou lovest is wise and true !"

The Vavod sat on St. Monan's side,
Thrice he look'd on the glassy tide---
He saw his bride's fair tresses float
O'er the bounding helm of a fisher's boat,
And a voice said---"Wives thou may'st find
again.

But one so true thou wilt seek in vain !
"The fountain stays not in desert sand,
The moonbeam glides from the grasping hand;
When tempests wither the leafless glade,
The dove flies far to a secret shade---
Thy wife is gone like the mountain-stream,
The forest-dove, and the mild moon's beam."

Sir Conrade bow'd his lofty head,
And stern in stifled anguish said,
"Thou know'st me, sybil!--if thine eye
Can Fate's remotest depths descry,
Well hast thou learnt what pangs await
Uncertain love and jealous hate !
Such anguish as a madman's thirst
With dreams of distant nectar curst,
While gazing on the poison-tree,
He loathes, yet loves his agony !
But I have legends too to tell
Of mystic craft and wizard-spell---
When Norway's monarch knelt to gain
The spell of love at Runa's fane,
A wither'd sybil heard his pray'r
And wove the gift with magic care ;
A web of silken hair she spun,
Dipp'd in the dew from roses won.
She gemm'd the work with sapphires blue,
And ting'd it with the ruby's hue :
Then hid a pearl within its fold :
Next closed it with a ring of gold
In consecrated fire refin'd,
The mighty talisman to bind.
Talisman of pow'r renown'd
Methought in Bertha's love I found :
Her's was the web of silken hair,
Her lips the honey-dew might spare ;
The sapphire sparkled in her eye,
Her blush excell'd the ruby's dye---
I grasp'd the prize---but could not find
The spotless pearl within enshrin'd :
She fled, and mock'd the ring's controul,
Tho' Love's true flame was in my soul !"

Strange lustre fills the sybil's eyes,
While thus her mystic tongue replies---
"'Tis said the opal once had pow'r
To lengthen pleasure's brightest hour ;
The amethyst's ethereal blue
Could sober truth and peace renew ;
And in the glowing ruby dwelt
A sting by guilty lovers felt.
Now all these potent spells are flown,
Or dwell with eastern seers alone ;
But Conrade on this holy day
May claim a gem of surer sway---
A faithful heart!--its ample store
Can more than eastern treasures pour ;
Can summon Fancy's richest hues,
And all the light of love diffuse.
Receive the gift!--its price is known
To pure and noble souls alone !

It lends the lip a richer glow
Than Persian rubies can bestow ;
It needs no amethyst to teach
The magic melody of speech ;
Nor from the sparkling opal steal
The varied ray which wit reveals :
All these the faithful heart supplies,
Love sees them all with Fancy's eyes ;
For thee these precious gifts combine,
The faithful heart is only thine !
My task is done---my tale is told---
The Witch of Hohenelm behold !"

Slow drops her mask---with syren laugh
She rends her hood and breaks her staff ;
The blue eyes of the rosy page
Gleam thro' the borrow'd locks of age !---
"Now, gallant Conrade ! take again
The hand that held thy war-steed's rein !
In deeds of death, in fields of blood,
Thy Bertha by thy side has stood ;
If doubted love has fires so pure,
How will rewarded faith endure ?
Believe her vow ;---if faith can fail,
If doubt can pleading love o'erwhelm,
Think of thy Page in Plaven's vale,
Think of the Witch of Hohenelm !"

From the Monthly Magazine.

DAY-LIGHT, WHEN THE STORM WAS O'ER.

BY JOHN MAYNE,

*Author of the Poems of Glasgow, the Siller
Gun, &c. &c.*

A LONG the beach the peasants stray'd
At day-light, when the storm was o'er,
And, lo ! by winds and waves convey'd,
A corse extended on the shore.
His face was comely ev'n in death---
His lips had lost their coral hue,
But smil'd as if with parting breath
A ray divine had cheer'd his view !
When ev'ry aid was vainly given,
The villagers in tears exclaim :
O ! for a miracle from Heaven,
To animate thy lifeless frame !
Some friend, perhaps, whose boding fears
Forbade thy feet at first to roam,
Or parent in declining years,
With anxious heart expects thee home !
Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy name,
Or whereso'er thy kindred be,
Humanity asserts her claim
To feel for them and mourn for thee.
Around thy brow, with many a tear,
Sad virgins shall the cypress twine ;
Deck with sweet flowers, thy humble bier,
And chant a requiem at thy shrine.
O ! if, amid this world of care,
A mother dear, or sisters mourn,
And, for a while, avert despair,
With hopes, and sighs for thy return---
In vain, for thee, when tempests roar,
They watch, far off, the whit'ning sail !
Thy bark has reach'd that happy shore,
Where winds and waves can ne'er prevail.
Some nymph, perhaps, the village pride,
Unconscious of thy hapless doom,
Still fondly hopes to be thy bride---
Still wastes for thee her vernal bloom.
On some lone cliff methinks she stands,
And, gazing o'er the troubled sea,
Imagines scenes in foreign lands,
Where love and bliss encircle thee.

Yes, thou art blest in realms above !
And, when she lifts her longing eyes,
She'll see the spirit of her love,
With Angels, soaring in the skies !

From the Literary Panorama.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

From a Year in Canada, and other Poems.
By Ann Cuthbert Knight.

[There are many pleasing stanzas in this poem. We select those which describe a band of Indians—more civilized however, than some at the extremities of the province—partly because it affords a subject new to poetical powers ; and partly because we desire to bring our readers acquainted with the sentiments of a lady on occasion of meeting them. She has naturally paid the greatest attention to her own sex.]

HARK ! 'tis their shout---and lo, in wild costume
The roving Indians' tawny forms appear !
Waves thro' their sable locks the gaudy plume
Painted and arm'd---perchance the foe to dare.

And see---along the dusty road they pass---
Behind the warrior band a female train !
Daughters of Europe ! though uncouth their guise,
Though they must bear the load, and till the plain,
Yet look not,---gaze not here with undeserved disdain.

What though no zone in graceful folds confine
The short dark vest that hides her bosom's swell,
Yet may that form a gentle heart enshrine,
Where spotless faith and mild affection dwell ;
Though born to toil beneath an ardent sky,
No sweet vermilion blush her cheek adorn,
Yet feeling lightens in the Squaw's dark eye ;
Haply her bosom nobly knows to spurn
Your pity, should it blend th' ungen'rous glance of scorn.

Awhile beneath an elm their steps they staid,
Then two approaching claim'd a nearer view,
Each in her hand her spell-wove wares display'd,*
The box and basket dyed of various hue ;

* Band-boxes and baskets, composed of bark or wood split very thin, dyed, and neatly, though slightly wove ; mocasins, or shoes formed of deer skins ; and the ceinture or sash, generally worn over the great coat in winter, are the principal manufactures of the Squaws.

I have been told, that in many places of the United States, and even of the British provinces, Canada excepted, an Indian will lie in the open air, and suffer cold or hunger rather than ask admission into a house. This seems to argue that he has, at one period or another, been rudely repulsed. It is not so in Canada ; at least in the vicinity of Montreal, an Indian will enter a country house, and state his wants, not with the air of a mendicant, but in a manner which seems to proceed from the consciousness, that, were his host in the same circumstances to make a like request to him, it would be answered by every mark of kindness in his power. Nor, from aught I observed, do they seem to be repulsed, at least by the French

The one---her blanket thrown across her arm,
Her hat's dark band a blushing wild rose stray'd,
Gay beam'd her glance with youth's attractive charm,
Gay on her lip the smile of candour play'd ;
Sedate the other's mien beneath a beaver's shade ;

An olive blanket a' most hid from view
Her form, yet well beneath its folds were seen,
The scarlet leggins edged with darker blue,
The tinsel fringe and pliant mocasin.
Back o'er her shoulders from her forehead hung
What seem'd a basket, deck'd with gaudy taste ;
Gently her hand the leathern band unswung,
And gently on the floor the burden placed,
Shaded with flowing silk---with azure ribbon graced.

Softly aside the crimson veil she lays,
Removes the muslin, deck'd with tinsel toy,
Still, still unconscious of a stranger's gaze,
He smiles through guiltless dreams, her slumbering boy !
Not on the cradle's downy bed composed,
Nor softly pillow'd on his mother's breast !
By thongs suspended, and with hoops inclosed,
Prison'd his little limbs,---his moveless waist
Close to th' unpliant board with circling fillets braced !

* * * * *

[The progress of the seasons is followed by this lady, with evident pleasure. Her description of Winter, many remind those acquainted with Canada, of some particulars ; but many others are lost, probably from the

Canadians. I do not believe they come, except when really in want of something, which happens but seldom. The Squaws generally offer to pay for whatever they ask ; I never remarked an instance of a man's doing so. The following circumstance is true ; perhaps the reader may find it interesting.

An Indian who had been in the habit of calling occasionally at a country house, stopped there on a hot summer day to rest a little, and get a draught of water. The house had changed its inhabitants, and he was ordered to get out immediately. Hurt at this treatment, the more as contrasting it with his former reception, his passion rose, but it was vented only in expressions of detestation and contempt, and he turned from the inhospitable door, which there is no reason to suppose he would again approach. I sighed at the recital. I have often traced the picture of the indignant Indian ; and regret that a groundless fear, or a groundless prejudice, (for I should be unwilling to impute it entirely to pride or illnature,) should have dictated so harsh an answer to so simple a request. Whatever degree of ferocity, even of treachery, may be traced in the character of some of the Indian tribes, no late instance of either can, I believe, be produced in the conduct of those who reside in Canada towards its inhabitants. The Canadian peasantry, without scruple, address them as brothers ; it is the title by which they themselves often address Europeans, and there seems something stern and even illiberal in that disposition which turns disgusted from it.

sex of the writer, which induced her to keep more within shelter from the keen air, than a robust youth rising to manhood, and fond of manly sports would have done. We insert a specimen.]

WINTER IN CANADA.

EVEN Winter brings its toils---The blaze to heap,

Enclose the fields, or from the bounding lines,
The forest, echoing to its sounding sweep,
Beneath the axe her stately race resigns.
Again, the snow-clad path the peasants trace,
And urge thro' drifted heaps the panting steed,
Till o'er the new-form'd road with fleeting

pace,
In fearless haste th' unloaded trains proceed,
Erect the drivers stand, and vaunt their coursers' speed.

With hearts elate the homeward path they trace,
Heedless of piercing frosts and day's decline,
Slow o'er the snows retiring twilight strays,
And soon shall heav'n's blue arch with lustre shine;

Yet dearer, sweeter than yon evening star,
Gleams on the rustic's view a twinkling ray,
'Tis his own cottage, glimm'ring from afar,
Through the shrunk shutter beams of welcome play,

And there shall comfort wait; and rest his toils repay.

Ere long, a nobler Muse, on loftier wing,
May seek those shades, and every charm unfold,

That spreads its beauties in the fleeting Spring,
Or Summer's blush, or Autumn's locks of gold;
O'er the broad lakes in daring pinion sweep,
Or with bold step the forest path explore,
Where to Niagara's resounding steep
Rolls the proud stream, and down with thund'-ring roar,

Flings his white dashing waves, and shakes the trembling shore.

Not such the minstrel's skill, nor such the lay,
No classic grace adorns these simple strains;
'Twas but the passing pilgrim of a day,
Who view'd with ling'ring glance yon verdant plains,
Who haply found, ev'n in that foreign clime,
Some fleeting hours, that live in Mem'ry's view,

"In colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time,"
Some artless friend that wept to bid adieu,
Who, with unpractised hand, the changeful picture drew.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONG,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY A HIGHLANDER, AMID SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS, THE NIGHT BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE WITH CHARLES EDWARD.

WE a' maun muster sune the morn,
We a' maun march right early,
Owe misty mount, an' mossy burn,
Alang wi' royal Charlie.

Yon German coof that fills the throne,
He clamb till't most unfairly,
Sae off we'll set, an' strive to get
His birth-right back to Charlie.

Yet ere we leave this valley dear,
Those hills owreclad wi' heather,
Sen' roun' the usquebaugh sae clear
We'll hae a horn thegither;
An' listen lads to what I gie,
Ye'll pledge me round' sincerely---
To him that's come to set us free,
Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

O! better lo'ed he canna be,
Yet when we see him wearin'
Our mountain garb, sae gracefully,
It's ay the mair endearin'.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang we'll see, o'kingdoms three,
The royal crown upon it.

But ev'n should Fortune turn her heel
Upon the righteous cause, boys,
We'll show the warl we're firm an' leal,
An' never will prove fause, boys:
We'll fecht while we hae breath to draw,
For him we lo'e sae dearly,
An' ane an'a we'll stan' or fa',
Alang wi' royal Charlie.

R. L.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONG TO MY FRIEND.

I GREATLY love the calm retreat,
Where, freed from noise and ruthless care,
The Muse can tread with hallow'd feet,
And pour her tender breathings there.

I love to stroll the groves among,
And listen to the feather'd throng;
To pierce the gently winding dale,
Where echo swells in ev'ry gale.

I love to climb the mountain's brow.
Impending o'er the deeps below;
To watch the streamlet as it flows,
Where the uncultur'd strawb'ry grows.

And, at first glimpse of purple dawn,
I love to seek the fragrant lawn;
Or with the moon a vigil keep,
Whose pale beams quiver on the deep.

But craggy heights, nor verdant fields,
With all the gifts kind Nature yields,
Scarce half their varied charms display,
Unblest by Friendship's cheering ray.

For 'tis participation gives
Life to every joy that lives;
And in the swelling breast of grief
Pours the mild balsam of relief.

Come then, lov'd fav'rite of my heart,
This wreath of happiness impart;
Let these delights, which please awhile,
Be cherish'd by Affection's smile.

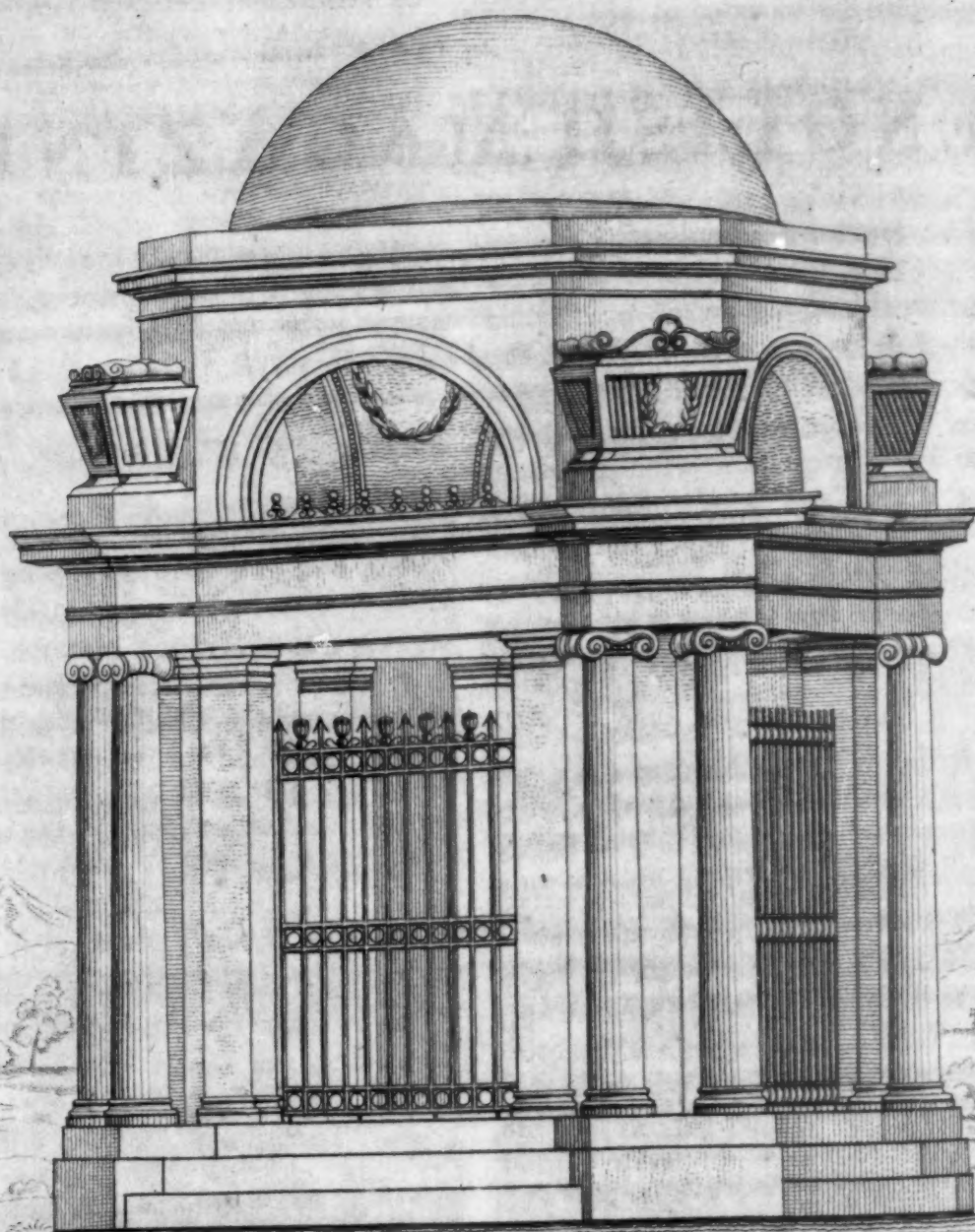
Then shady wood, nor fertile green,
Shall spread their blooming sweets unseen,
When at the airy minstrel's lay
We join to welcome op'ning day;

Or, weary, court grey ev'ning's breeze,
Whose spirit whispers through the trees,
In softest accent seems to bear
This message to the list'ning ear:---

Think not, that on terrestrial ground
Pure, amaranthine bliss is found;
Transplanted is fair Eden's prize;
Together seek it in the skies.

*I think this is a
very quite applicable*

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a multi-column document, possibly a ledger or a list, with several columns of text separated by vertical lines. The content is too faded to transcribe accurately.]



BURN'S MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.

Monthly Mag. Jan. 1. 1816.